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LET US  
REVIEW  
THE  
SCENE

*with*

*at*  
William M. Feigenbaum



"LET US  
REVIEW  
THE SCENE"

With  
WILLIAM FEIGENBAUM

New York  
1951

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The sponsors of this book were prominently engaged in various phases of the Socialist Movement during the late William M. Feigenbaum's decades of activity. They were his warm and admiring friends; several of them served with him in the New York State Assembly.



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## FOREWORD

In the first decade of the present century, when William Feigenbaum began his activities as a Socialist speaker and journalist, the prospects of an early victory for Socialist ideas in America seemed very bright. After overcoming or seeming to overcome its internal difficulties, the Socialist movement was making rapid strides both in politics and in the industrial field, until in 1912 it polled one vote in sixteen in the Presidential campaign, and in 1917 one vote in four when Morris Hillquit ran for the mayoralty of New York City.

It was in the midst of this scene of growth and enthusiasm that William Feigenbaum grew to maturity. Born in Belgium in 1886 of parents themselves deeply involved in the Socialist movement, first in Poland and later in England, he breathed in his earliest childhood the atmosphere of youthful optimism that characterized those days. In 1891 his parents, Benjamin and Mathilda Feigenbaum, came to New York, where they took part in the development of the Jewish Daily Forward and of the Jewish Trade Union movement. They were an integral part of the intellectual movement of the East Side of New York that is still nostalgically remembered.

Young William matriculated at Columbia University where he made a good scholastic record. In September, 1905, at the beginning of his junior year, he attended the organization meeting of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, presided over by Upton Sinclair; secured the election of Harry W. Laidler, then a junior at Wesleyan University, to the Society's Executive Committee. Returning to his Alma Mater young Feigenbaum organized an I.S.S. branch at Columbia, one of the first chapters of that organization, which, in 1921, became the League for Industrial Democracy. He was active in 1906 in arranging a crowded meeting in the Grand Central Palace, New York, for Jack London, the first President of the I.S.S., and was a prominent member of the Society for a score of years.

After his graduation from Columbia University in 1907, and after earning the degree of Master of Arts at Wisconsin and Columbia,



William threw himself wholeheartedly into the Socialist movement. He was one of the staff of the "Call" through the stirring days of its growth and its tragic decline. He was on the staff of the "New Leader" from the beginning. For a few years he was editor of the English page of the "Forward."

He was an indefatigable stump speaker capable of holding large crowds enthralled with his seemingly inexhaustible fund of facts and figures, and with his store of pertinent anecdotes.

He was elected in 1917 to the New York State Assembly and served through the 1918 session with an enthusiasm not repressed by the age-old cynicism that then characterized the Albany political scene.

Assemblyman Feigenbaum, during his term of office, introduced a dozen bills having to do with the protection of labor in private and public employment, and with the public ownership of public utilities and the municipal construction and operation of houses for lower income groups. Of his record in the Assembly, the Citizens Union said that this young member was "gifted in debate on social and economic questions," and "had a remarkably good record on City Legislation."

After 1918 the Socialist movement declined. The war-time persecutions, the growth of the Communist movement of which Feigenbaum was an early opponent, the prosperity of the twenties all took their toll. When there was no longer a field for him in the Socialist press William Feigenbaum found a place for himself on the "Brooklyn Standard Union" (1928-1936) and later on the "Newark Ledger" (1936-1941). He was still able to give part of his time to the Socialist movement, now torn by internal difficulties; he was still able, in columns that he wrote, subtly to give expression to the ideas that dominated him.

Devotion and time given to Socialism never kept him from extensive reading in the fields of history and literature. His sense of humor was a legend. His interests were varied and his knowledge was fabulous. It was no uncommon thing for him to receive letters from distant places containing requests for information on curious and esoteric historical questions. His writings, examples of which are presented in this booklet reflect his qualities.

William Feigenbaum passed away on April 23, 1949 after many years of illness. At the instance of his wife, Margaret, these pages are offered as a memorial to him. She selected the material from the large volume of his writings.

The matter presented is of interest in more ways than one: it will

serve to recall to Feigenbaum's friends the nature of his activities; it will throw light on the nature of the man; it will preserve for at least a few the memory of a time of great aspirations.

*Committee of Sponsors*

The fiery young Socialist does not appear in these pages. The teachings of the party that inspired him were contained in impassioned street corner speeches, and brought to the public from lecture platforms. These propaganda talks never saw print. So imbued was he with his message that he could speak extemporaneously at all times, and with eloquence and accuracy.

Included here are some stories of the struggle that so fascinated him, and biographies of party workers whose profiles were published in the "New Leader."

His philosophy was evident in everything that he wrote. We have tried to show him as he was; a person of strong social conscience, a student of international affairs, and a citizen well versed in the history and economics of his country. We have made use of material showing his great interest in literature and the stage. Finally, no picture of Bill Feigenbaum would have been complete without a touch of his endearing humor.

"Let us review the scene."

*Margaret B. Feigenbaum*



## IT LOOKS LIKE WAR

**I**T LOOKS as if there is to be war in the East. It looks as if the difficulties that have arisen over Manchuria will be settled on the battlefield—which means they will not be settled at all. It looks as if we are in for more bloodshed, more international wrangling, more heartbreak.

China seems to be threatening war, while Japan is warning the world that she "will bitterly resent" attempts by the United States or the League of Nations, or both, to bring peace to the quarreling Oriental nations. Meanwhile efforts are still being made to preserve peace. Hope is not yet completely lost.

Both China and Japan, signatories both of the Kellogg pact, have set their names to an agreement renouncing war forever as an instrument of national policy. The pact, however, contains a joker to the effect that war may be resorted to where national "honor" is involved. And, needless to say, the "honor" of both Japan and China is involved—as it always is when a predatory nation wants something badly enough to be willing to fight for it; that is, whenever the statesmen of a nation want something that does not belong to them badly enough to be willing to sacrifice the lives of the sons of other mothers and fathers to get it.

It is also needless to explain that both nations are eager friends of peace; but each one is charging that the other is starting the trouble, from which it is impossible to withdraw without loss of their precious "honor."

The seriousness of the situation cannot be pooh-poohed. The danger of the situation cannot be laughed off by quoting the funny Oriental names that are appearing in the daily dispatches. If Japan and China actually go to war there will be no way of keeping Russia out, and if Russia goes to war against Japan it will be a "holy war," declared by the pious Soviet leaders, who will mask their greed for territory that does not belong to them by denouncing the imperialist nations of the world in the precious style of which they are such accomplished masters.

And when Russia gets into a "holy war" against the capitalist nations it is hard to see how it can fail to become an earthquake. And it is hard to see how the flames can then be confined to the continent of Asia.

In other words, we are of the opinion that the situation is gravely serious and that there are excellent chances that it will get out of hand.

We have just received a copy of the Japanese Times and Mail, published in Tokio, of the date of September 20. It is a well-edited news-

paper for the English-speaking people of Japan, and it is said to reflect government opinion and to have wide influence.

On Page One, sharing the place of honor with a three-column story dealing with Herndon and Pangborn, then still in Japan, is a story headed "Mukden Situation Shows Sign of Quieting Down." "Wakatsuki declares Japan will make every effort for peace," says the bank, or sub-head. Beside that story is a "box" with the information that, "Young Marshal Orders Men to Lay Down Arms," quoting Marshal Chang Hsueh-ling, son of the "Old Marshal" Chang Tsao-Liang, and present War-Lord of Manchuria.

When the Japanese premier and the Manchurian war-lord now working in alliance with the Nanking government, jointly demand peace it looks like peace—at least on the surface. But that's the way of diplomacy—each side demands peace and swears they will do everything for peace, short of sacrificing their precious "honor," thus laying the onus for starting war upon the other fellow.

But in the same issue, on another page, we read these words under the caption "Japan as Guardian of Peace":

Japan has acted as the guardian of peace in the Far East for the last half century. She risked her very existence in two foreign wars, one against Russia and the other against China, in fulfillment of her guardianship. She fought the first war in order to place Korea out of the reach of foreign intrigues. She fought the second in order to make Manchuria a safe abode for Orientals. Korea today enjoys peace, security and prosperity; but Manchuria is placed in a grave situation chiefly because of China's refusal to live up to her international obligations. Japan has borne with Chinese injustice and atrocities as no nation has ever done under similar circumstances. But even Japan has no eternal patience. She now asks China to stop her unbridled audacity so that peace may be preserved in Manchuria.

If we had not read that in the paper we refer to we would think the statement was a burlesque. It is in precisely the tone every nation employs when caught starting a war of aggression.

Japan preserved the "peace" by wantonly attacking China in 1895 and placed Korea "out of the reach of foreign intrigues" by grabbing that independent nation for herself; and it now is a conquered province, seething with rebellion.

Today Manchuria is the objective. Manchuria is a portion of China and has been since 1644. Its 35,000,000 people are overwhelmingly Chinese. Russia wants Manchuria, and was ousted in 1905 by Japan, who wanted the great province for herself. Russia still wants it; the Japanese still want it; the Chinese display "unbridled audacity" in seeking to keep what is her own in law, in fact and by additional right of colonization and development.

We are eagerly waiting for the English-language newspapers of China to see if the Chinese can outdo the Japanese in diplomatic reasoning. We have sufficient confidence in diplomacy to believe the Chinese statesmen are able to make an even worse case for themselves than the Japanese have, and that they will be able to mask the plain justice of their



cause in arguments that evoke national "honor," that will appeal to just those things that have no bearing on the case.

Thus are wars started. Thus do nations get themselves flung into the inferno. Thus problems that might properly be settled soberly by decent men, acting like civilized human beings, around a council table are referred to the arbitrament of the sword.

We have no doubt but that Japan will win when the fighting really gets started. We fervently hope that when the theft of Manchuria is completed that will be the end, and that no other nations will be involved.

But we sorrowfully file the opinion that mankind is not yet civilized.

## REDS AND NAZIS ALIKE

IN one significant particular the Nazi Reich and Stalin's "workers' fatherland" are exact copies of each other. In both of those states—held up as ideals to millions by high pressure propaganda to millions—the people live behind sealed borders. In both the citizens (or rather, subjects) are cut off from the rest of the world, are not allowed to travel abroad, are not allowed to listen to radio broadcasts from outside, are not allowed to read what they want, to correspond with whom they wish. Radio, press, private mail, books—everything is censored.

In other words, the Hitler "paradise" is a vast prison, and the Stalin Utopia is a concentration camp.

In apportioning praise or blame, it is interesting to note that Russia beat Germany to it. The borders of Russia were sealed long before Hitler took over in Germany and converted the Reich into a prison pen. But, again, in apportioning praise or blame, it is important to note that the Russian masses always were illiterate, and their isolation from the world was not as much of an outrage upon human decency and dignity as was Hitler's sealing of his borders.

The Soviet government, acting on the assumption that its subjects were ignorant and that what they didn't know would never hurt them, has been creating the picture of a fantastic world outside the Russian borders that the people within Russia have come to accept as accurate, since they have no information against which to check it.

For many years, Russia maintained its Intourist agency, through which Americans and others would buy trips to the Soviet land, together with carefully guided tours. Thousands of school teachers and others were guided through Russia by know-it-all guides and saw what they were supposed to see. Those who tried to see for themselves were spied upon, hounded, and forced by intimidation to leave the country.

*But never was there any Russian Intourist to encourage Russians to see for themselves whether their rulers were telling the truth about America and the rest of what they called, in their own lingo, the "bourgeois" world.*

The Soviet people were told that millions of people in America were starving, that there were bread riots in the streets, that a brutal capitalist government shot and gassed them into subjection. Books by selected American writers—Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, Jack London among others—were circulated by the millions to show what a hell-hole America was.

(But when the Soviet government prepared to show a newsreel showing Americans standing in line at an employment office, it was hur-



riedly withdrawn when it was noticed that all the women wore silk stockings, the mark of the hated bourgeois.)

With no freedom of speech or press, with no freedom of assemblage, with no liberty to move about or converse privately with foreigners, it is hardly to be wondered that the Russian people have followed their leaders—or rather, leader—in everything he has told them. Those old enough to remember what freedom means, have been silenced or shot, while most of the men and women active in the regime are too young to remember what freedom means, and too young to recall the struggle of the early Russian revolutionary heroes for those liberties that Stalin now treats as crimes punishable by death or torture.

Even Russian diplomats, who would know what is going on in the outside world, have been "liquidated," or retired. A few of them resigned and renounced their allegiance when they were called home.

Germany started off with handicaps that Russia never had. The people are literate, and before that black day in 1933 when Hitler took over, a large number of them regularly read American, British, French and Swiss publications. Newsstands displayed them all. The cinemas showed mainly American pictures, and the masses knew that the standard of life here is immensely higher than the Nazis tried to tell their people it was. Pictures of parking lots, in front of factories filled with thousands of cars belonging to simple "exploited" factory workers told a story that no words could convey. It did not fit into the picture of the Nazis wanted to create.

But Hitler and Goebbels attended to all that. Only a few foreign newspapers now seep in. No American movies are shown. Books written by foreigners, and by Germans who do not agree with the fantastic ideas of the Nazis are burned, and barred. No one can possibly know what is going on. Listening to a non-Nazi radio is a capital crime.

It is Hitler's story that nowhere in the world are the masses as well off as in Germany, and the German people, after seven years in their concentration camps, know no better. It is Hitler's story that people everywhere else are starving (as it is Stalin's). So the German people are not permitted to wander around to find out for themselves.

Those who are able to go abroad are limited to so few marks to spend that they cannot see anything; and they are so spied on by Bundists and consular agents that they can learn nothing. At a recent international gymnastic meet in Stockholm, the German contestants were sent on a Nazi ship, and required to return to the ship after every event, in order that they might not be contaminated by learning how well, healthy, wholesome and happy people can be, even though they hate and depise Nazism.

To Americans, the diet problem is in keeping down the waistline. The butter and pastry and sugar and whipped cream problems are matters of calories. To a Nazi, confined to his prison, it is an event if he has enough butter for a meal. It is something to write home about if he is treated to Schlagsahne (whipped cream) with his coffee.

Little by little, the inmates of the two vast prisons are becoming obsessed with the idea of food. Those frontier guards who go into Holland

from time to time buy up all the chocolate they can get; they are like children turned loose in a bakeshop.

It is not surprising that a German, on a recent business trip to Belgium or Holland, took with him a number of packages of ersatz food, as a "liebesgabe" to his suffering friends; who thereupon roared with laughter at the Nazi ignorance of conditions outside. And it is not surprising that a German on a diplomatic mission here looked at the abundance of good food at low prices on display in a public market, and sneered that it was just put out as a display to make an impression; for did not the Fuehrer tell him that America is starving?

Those who are "neutral" in this war; those who believe that it is only an imperialist quarrel for territory that does not concern free people are giving aid and comfort to those who would make the whole world a prison—as did the rulers of two once great countries.



## FULL CIRCLE

IN the flush of the first moments of the Russian revolution, the leaders of the victorious Bolsheviks felt a duty imposed on them to spread the blessings of their peculiar philosophy upon the whole world. The World War was staggering to its dreary close amidst unprecedented destruction, and it was an even bet that the world order as it had existed prior to 1914 would not survive.

Hence, the Bolsheviks—like the French Jacobins a century and a quarter before—undertook to carry their revolution to the whole world. In countries at war and at peace, in Europe and in the Americas, they undertook to bring about violent overthrow and the establishment of a Soviet system. To spread that revolutionary movement the Communist International was established supposedly to act as a clearing house for Communist parties in all countries; actually, it was to be the “general staff of the world revolution.”

In countries where labor parties existed, had large numbers of followers among the voters and in legislative bodies, and where labor unions had become powerful, the “general staff” undertook to destroy the confidence of the masses in their own organizations. Rival organizations were set up and controversies of unprecedented violence were started with that aim in view.

The theory back of the fantastic maneuver was that the revolution had to be world-wide; a corollary (in the minds of the Russian Bolsheviks) was that only the Russian knew the exact way to do the job, and for any one even slightly to criticize the policies or the methods of the Bolshevik leaders was a crime of the deepest dye.

In the words of the Bolshevik leaders, every strike in any industry, at any time, in any country, was to be a “rehearsal for the revolution”; hence a series of revolutionary strikes (without concrete objectives) in Buenos Aires, Lima and many other South American cities in countries that had not even been in the war. As Leon Trotsky put it, labor leaders were traitors and “lackeys” of the employers unless they were prepared to convert every labor controversy into “heavy civil war.”

Well, in the course of time, political developments, Russian famine, the death of Lenin and a number of other things resulted in the petering out of that form of lunacy. But Trotsky still insisted upon the theory of “world revolution,” while Stalin, who sensibly realized that the Trotsky idea was nonsense, tossed the embattled Leon out of his job, his party and the country, while he undertook, in his own realm, to establish “Socialism in one country.” His idea was that he would make such a brilliant success of his regime that the working people of all other countries would flock

behind his banners and seek to do likewise. Trotsky, meanwhile, continued (and continues) to intrigue for what he calls his “permanent revolution,” wherever he is at the moment.

Stalin maintained his Communist International as an agency for the foreign policy of his government; its original function, always based on fictions, was quickly forgotten. During at least a decade the Bolshevik government was at least not aggressive. Stalin was too busy at home shooting his generals and doing other things to be busy about aggression. Hence, his spokesman at Geneva, Maxim Litvinoff, could honestly and conscientiously urge disarmament and denounce aggression (although, alas! they did nothing about it.)

Now the wheel turns again and Stalin has again become a Trotskyite. Again he is all hot for spreading the glories of his regime into Poland, the Baltic States and now into Finland. His new spurt of activity can be explained only by the fact that he has taken the old idea of “world revolution,” “heavy civil war,” “every strike a rehearsal for the revolution” out of mothballs and is now working at it. It took a world war to get him to start it again; in fact, it is quite possible that he framed his pact with Hitler in order to get the world war going, so that he might have a free hand in “liberating” the Finns with bombing planes.

Any way one looks at it, it is plain that, each in his own way, Hitler and Stalin are going after world chaos. Each hopes to knock off one country after another, and by steadily spreading their influence each hopes to rule the world.

And the rule of each kind of “ideology” means the end of all the human values that civilization has taken so long to establish. If either wins, the world is back in the jungles, but if both win, the world is on its way into decades—possibly centuries—of unceasing warfare, and possibly in the end, the end of civilization.

One expects nothing of Hitler, for Hitler is an uneducated and ignorant man. It is on Stalin, who is expected to know better, that the greatest condemnation is to be showered for his revival of the principles of 1917, adopted then as slogans in the red hot days of revolution and used now at a moment when they can do the most harm to all the world for all time to come.



## ONLY THE DICTATORS HAVE WILL FOR AGGRESSION

SINCE 1935 there have been seven or eight wars (or non-wars, as the case may be) in various parts of the world. Two of them have been merely "occupations" of the territory of other nations, accompanied by little or no fighting. In those cases, however, the governments of the nations occupied have been suppressed and the people treated in a way usually reserved for an enemy conquered after resistance.

In the summer of 1935 the Italian armies began their conquest of Ethiopia. In 1936 the civil war began in Spain, made possible and effective by the intervention (or, as they would put it, non-intervention) of fascist Italy and Nazi Germany; later Bolshevik Russia took a hand in the free-for-all. In March, 1937, the Nazis marched into Austria, destroyed that country and treated its people like conquered slaves. In July, 1937, the Japanese started their China "incident." A bit later the Nazis started their process of the destruction of Czechoslovakia, which took half a year to complete. Thereafter the Nazis attacked Poland—with the kindly aid and cooperation of the Bolshevik ("Workers of the World Unite") Russians, and reduced that country in a Blitzkrieg. Last spring, also, Fascist Italy forcibly took over Albania. And now comes the attack upon Finland.

In off moments in between, the Nazis took over Memel, while the Bolsheviks virtually took over Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia. And to top off the story, the Bolsheviks are now getting to work on Rumania.

All these wars (and non-wars) have one thing in common; in every case they were waged on people minding their own business and meaning (and doing) no harm to anyone else, least of all to their assailants. Sometimes they were accomplished by fiendish destruction; sometimes merely by terror and threats of terror, accompanied by well-organized treason within the victim nation.

But more important is another common characteristic of every one of these incidents:

Without a single exception, they were perpetrated by totalitarian nations. Not a single attack upon another people has been made by a self-governing nation, by a people with freedom of expression and a measure of control over its government.

Many of the democratic nations—our own by no means excluded—have at one time or another in the past attacked weak and defenseless neighbors. But for a full quarter of a century, no free people had made wanton war for aggressive purposes. That is as obsolete as battering rams and armor.

Only in nations where there is no will but that of the Leader, the Chief, the Duce, the Caudillo; where there is no way open to the people of creating or influencing opinion and national policy has there been a will for aggression. It seemed like a good idea to Hitler or Stalin or the military clique, and that was that. To oppose or even criticize a decision by the Leader, to express an opinion, to suggest that the course proposed is wrong, unjust, cruel—even only unwise—is to commit a criminal offense, punishable accordingly.

If the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the President of the United States, or any other head of a self-governing state, were to suggest aggressive action there would be instantly such a storm of discussion that the element of surprise would be lacking, and such a plan would of necessity fall to the ground. Indeed, an earlier American president once nearly got us into such a war, but he was stymied by the outcry of the whole press and people.

We have reached a point in development that no free and honest people will ever be an aggressor. Aggression, plundering another people, destroying their liberty and institutions, establishing one's own institutions among a hostile people, are things free people do not care to do and are not doing.

There is a moral to this; it should be obvious to everyone.

A free people is weak on aggression; but it is unconquerable in defense, for the people know what it is they are defending. For they themselves make the decisions.



## HITLER THROWS THE GAGE

**A**DOLF HITLER, "der schoene Adolf," leader of millions of madly devoted followers who are pledged to follow wherever he leads, feels that he is at last strong enough to throw down the gage to the German republic.

He began as a comic character, leading the comic opera beer hall revolt in Munich that sputtered out like a damp firecracker and that landed him in jail from which he was released long before his term was up because he was not considered of sufficient importance to be kept in custody.

He continues as something more than a comic character, leading a vast host of men and women sworn to follow him blindly, unquestioningly, to overturn the Republic and to repudiate the Treaty of Versailles and all Germany's other obligations.

The madman of Munich was beneath notice in 1919; the Fascist chief of 1931, being called into conference by the President of the Republic, calling for a Fascist dictatorship of Germany within a week (with himself—an alien—as dictator) is no longer beneath notice.

The starved ex-soldier of 1919 had a philosophy and a program that read like the ravings of a lunatic, making no head nor tail, appealing to no one in command of his reason. The powerful political leader of 1931, calling upon the German people to follow him, undisputed chief of a vast party whose ticket he cannot vote because he is not even a citizen of the country he seeks to rule, still has the same program and the same philosophy that is accepted in toto by multitudes of members of what is generally one of the most intelligent of nations.

In 1919 the Viennese draftsman Hitler, who had lost his Austrian citizenship in 1914 when he enlisted in the German army, sat disconsolately in the beer halls of Munich and wrote down his philosophy that was made up of a hodge-podge of prejudices and undigested maunderings. He had left Vienna because he hated the Jews with such venomous passion that he could not bear to live in a city where there were so many of them. During his obscure four years as just another German soldier he dreamed of a time when Germany and German Austria would be reunited in the "Third Reich," counting from the great Empire of Charlemagne. He hoped for a time when all the Jews would be expelled from Germany—or at least denied citizenship. In his curious German chauvinism were imbedded social and economic, as well as political ideas, crazy distorted reflections of Socialism.

For his part in the "beer putsch" Hitler went to jail, but when it seemed that he was merely a harmless madman he was released.

The German people were sobered, chastened by their defeat in the war, generally prepared to fulfill the terms of the peace treaty and the modifications of the treaty later negotiated. Parties were sober and dignified. The Germans had won the respect of the world. The monarchists hoped for a restoration of the Hohenzollerns, but without much fervor. The Communists were the party of those who felt despair at the turn things were taking, led by men who hoped to convert Germany into another Soviet under Russian auspices and inspiration. The Communist vote fluctuated, an accurate barometer of industrial conditions. Latterly it was falling fast.

The Republic was firmly entrenched. The best minds and souls of Germany were giving themselves wholly to the task of strengthening the Republic.

There came a time when the tide turned. There came a time when it seemed that the delirious chauvinism seeking to repudiate the obligations the Republic had assumed began to grow. Suddenly Hitler became important. Making speeches in no whit different from the speeches he had delivered when he was considered a harmless madman he was greeted with vast and growing throngs. His appearance was met with wild acclaim of people shrieking "Heil Hitler!" "Deutschland, erwache!"—"Hail Hitler!" "Germany awake!"

Great industrialists, eager to stem the growing tide of working class protest against industrial conditions, began to contribute large sums to the party, as the Italian industrialists had contributed largely to the war chest of Mussolini's Fascists in Italy.

A new generation of Germans began to grow up, boys and girls who had been born too late to have been in the war, to whom life was too sober and drab. They threw off all restrictions, they embraced a new morality of no morality, they fung themselves into nudism, they were the authentic children of the age, these sons and daughters of thoughtful and disciplined German parents.

Hitler demanded that Germany throw off all fetters, declare independence of the nations to which money is owed, ordered the overthrow of the Republic, told the Germans to repudiate the "war guilt lie," outlaw the Jews, destroy the labor organizations and establish a dictatorship—with the alien Hitler as the German Mussolini.

The new Germany has been drab; Hitler and his allies supplied color and excitement, thrills and music, torches and marching, warlike uniforms and flapping banners. Hitlerism, the apotheosis of the undistinguished, is the Ku Kluxery of the lower-grade Germans, appealing to the same hatreds, the same meddlesomeness, the same recklessness, the same love of small minds for display.

As Hitlerism grows it assumes importance by the mere fact of its growth, as did Ku Kluxery here.

And as the ferocious attack upon the Republic gains momentum, hordes of those hitherto content to plod toward a soberly satisfactory goal are driven by that very ferocity to oppose the Communism of Hitler with the Hitlerism of Communism!

The Republic is admittedly shaky. Bruening is supported in the



Reichstag by an unstable collection of parties with divergent aims and united only in the hope that they can save the Republic from the Hitlerites and their allies of the Hugenburg Nationalist party—which they seem to have swallowed—and the Communists, professing objectives diametrically opposed but actually their political bed-fellows. It is a strange line-up but at the moment it seems that they have the Republic on the defensive.

Hitler definitely shouts the inchoate imbecilities that but a few years ago were greeted with storms of laughter, but today he is greeted with frenzied cheers by millions who seem to be willing to try even the reckless Fascism of his party as an alternative to the weary plodding that the continuance of an orderly Republic will mean.

The German masses feel that they can sink no lower; millions seem ready to try Hitlerism or Communism as at least a fighting chance to assert their manhood. It is the sublimation of despair. The whole world is watching developments with the deepest anxiety.

## DEMOCRACY ON THE DEFENSIVE

THE destruction of self-government in Germany by the Hitler madness; the long-continued sway of Fascism in Italy and Hungary, the terrible threat to democratic self-government in Austria and other countries, the dictatorships in Cuba, Yugoslavia, Poland and other countries, and the continued rule of dictatorship in Soviet Russia have all conspired to put democracy upon the defensive everywhere.

And it is just at this time that the British Labor movement, taking the lead in the world Socialist movement, is throwing all its weight back of parliamentary democracy.

The British workers, in their unions and in the Labor Party, have selected this moment to emphasize their unqualified support of democracy as such, as the means of winning the emancipation of the working class and, as the way of the future.

The joint May Day Manifesto of the Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress emphasizes democracy as opposed to dictatorship, as does the May Day declaration of the General Council of the International Federation of Trades Unions. The emphasis is against the dictatorship of Fascism and of Bolshevism as well.

At the same time, the Swiss Socialist Party, one of the strongest, most powerful and healthiest of the Socialist parties in any country, at its recent national conference, took an emphatic stand in favor of democratic methods. By an almost unanimous vote it was decided that:

"The Social Democrats reject illegal methods of action so long as the bourgeoisie does not overstep the bounds of democracy and does not violate the democratic rights and liberties of the people. . . . Any playing with illegal methods can only be detrimental to the interests of the workers and constitutes a betrayal of the working class."

The tragedy of Germany, before the eyes of the whole world, has given democracy a fearful setback. In the face of the long struggle of the Socialist and labor movement of that country to establish democracy as the way of progress two elements fought steadily, bitterly, savagely against democracy, pounding incessantly, bitterly and unscrupulously at it from the right—and from the left.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that if it were not for the Communist assault upon democratic methods the workers would not have been hopelessly and tragically divided, that the way would not have been made clear for the triumph of fascism and terror and madness.

Then what is to be done? Are the Socialists and trade unions to abandon their struggle for Socialism? The answer is an emphatic No!



And are the Socialists and trade unions to abandon their use of democratic methods? *If they do, they will have wiped out the essential differences between the Socialist movement and the Communism that developed out of the Russian revolution.* For if they abandon democracy they will have no choice but to organize as a militant minority to seize power when—or if—power can be seized. A minority acting as storm troops, composed of men constituting what is in effect an army of men devoting all their time to the revolutionary movement, an army seeking to establish something purporting to be *in the interest of the working class*, but by no stretch of the imagination *by the working class itself*. This was done in Russia. Thus it was sought to be done in Germany; until the crafty Goebbels saw the point and took the hint, adopted Bolshevik methods and declared that henceforth the battle was to be fought out in the streets. And it was.

That is the only alternative to abandonment of the struggle *unless the appeal to the workers is continued along democratic lines.*

Such democratic methods do not necessarily mean a fanatical and unreasoning adherence to parliamentary elections as the sole weapon, at all times, at all costs, regardless of the consequences. They do not mean that if a situation arises in the future when the workers have power within their grasp they will voluntarily surrender it to reaction or even Fascism unless they have a majority duly attested to by boards of canvassers. It does mean that they will continue to the very end to employ whatever democratic methods remain, *and to throw the onus of denial and betrayal of those methods upon the other sides.*

A number of documents before us indicate that significant trend. The Swiss Socialist resolution is one of them. John Middleton Murray, noted British author, critic and journalist—and Socialist—is emphatic in a recent article in the London Adelphi, of which he is editor (reprinted in *The World of Tomorrow*).

He says, "First and foremost is the determination that the working class must not abandon, at this crucial moment, a single one of the weapons it has legitimately won for the prosecution of the class struggle. This means that the Labor movement must not merely not abandon, but resolutely retain its chief weapon—namely the weapon of Parliament. . . . When revolutionary Socialists discredit Parliament in a parliamentary country they destroy their own best weapon of offense or defense. They make smooth the way not for Socialist dictatorship but for anti-Socialist dictatorship."

George Lansbury, leader of the British Labor Party, writes: "The armed forces of the Crown and the police are the servants, not the masters of the people, and through Parliament and Parliament alone the people exercise that control."

Mr. Middleton comments that Lansbury here is a realist of the first water, and adds that control of the police and armed forces "*can be attained through Parliament and by no other means.*"

In the New Clarion of London, Lansbury writes an article entitled, "Stop This Dictator Talk!", and says, "We do not need to break with democracy in order to break with the past. . . . We must now try real

democracy and get our will carried out. We must cease all the nonsensical talk about compromise. . . . We must unite and together work for complete Socialism, and this we shall accomplish once the people pack the House of Commons with a Socialist majority."

Walter M. Citrine, president of the International Federation of Trade Unions, writes: "In view of the swift march of political events, . . . the Labor Party and the Parliamentary Labor Party has asserted once more the principles of democracy which the organized working class movement exists to promote and defend against dictatorship, terrorism, violence and the denial of freedom."

These are but a few of the recent pronouncements against dictatorship and for democracy.

Today the Socialist and labor movements are re-examining their tactics, questioning whether they have been correct. In the face of the most terrible blows Socialism, democracy and the labor movement have ever sustained, in the face of the reign of terror in country after country, in the face of the fury of Communist propaganda for unity of action with the Socialists it is significant that from those countries in which the labor and Socialist movements have held their lines most successfully there comes a clarion call for the defense, the preservation and the promotion of democracy. These are facts that all earnest Socialists and trade unionists are today studying.



## MORRIS HILLQUIT

## A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS OF DEVOTION TO SOCIALISM

MORRIS HILLQUIT, the matchless leader of American Socialism for so many years, was just over 64 years old when he died, having been born in Riga, August 1, 1869. For close to half a century he devoted all of his great ability and his whole energies to the cause of Socialism and of Labor, which to him were one.

Hillquit, whose father and mother were cultured and educated people, had a good education in Russia, but when he was brought to the United States at the age of 17 he had to continue his education at night while working in a shirt factory by day. The story of those early years are told with ineffable charm in his delightful memoirs, "Loose Leaves From a Busy Life."

From the very beginning of his life in the country he took an active part in the then weak Socialist movement. There was a weekly Socialist paper published in Yiddish and edited by Abraham Cahan, known as *Arbeiter Zeitung*. Hillquit later confessed that he was "business manager, associate editor and official poet, under contract to furnish one inspirational poem per week." The salary was three dollars per week, when he got it.

There followed years of night school teaching, law study, graduation from New York University, admission to the bar, and the beginning of his law practice, a practice never far from the labor movement.

In those early days Hillquit was associated with Cahan and Meyer London and other pioneer Socialists, with whom Socialist activity was indistinguishable from the activity in the labor movement. Most of the needle-trades unions were organized by Socialists in that way.

Hillquit also began to count as a force in party affairs. Unlike some of his comrades, he readily adjusted himself to the American scene and had a "feel" for American politics and for the sentiments of the American workers far superior to most of his colleagues. By 1898, when he was still under thirty, he was already an important figure in the party.

That year the internal dissensions began that resulted three years later in the formation of the present Socialist party out of the major faction of the DeLeon-controlled Socialist Labor Party, the Social Democratic Party organized by Eugene V. Debs, the Social Democratic Party of Massachusetts that had won important election victories, and other groups. Hillquit had led the fight against the DeLeon party despotism in the S.L.P., and from that time he was in the front rank as one of the national leaders of American Socialism.

In 1900 he was a delegate of the majority faction of the S.L.P. in its Rochester convention, and he was one of the committee that negotiated with the Socialist Democratic Party for unity in the elections that year under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs. In 1901 he was one of the leaders in the Indianapolis convention that formally organized the present Socialist Party.

From that day to the day of his death the story of Hillquit is in a real sense the story of the Socialist Party and of important sections of the labor movement.

From 1904 on he was a delegate to every International Socialist gathering, serving with brilliant distinction at Amsterdam in that year, at Stuttgart in 1907, at Copenhagen in 1910, at Basle in 1912, in the Vienna Working Union prior to the organization of the Labor and Socialist International in Hamburg in 1923; he was a delegate to Marseilles in 1925, to Brussels in 1928 and to Vienna in 1931.

Year after year Hillquit visited Europe and became intimately acquainted with virtually all the great leaders of world Socialism. He was in their confidence, and in many world conferences his wise counsel was welcomed.

In all the International Congresses Hillquit was known for his matchless oratory as well as his good humor, his good sense and his warm heart. The great of the world—those in high places and those honored by persecution—held him in the highest esteem.

But Hillquit's interest in world affairs did not blind him to the important work at home. Increasingly as the years passed, his influence grew in the Socialist Party, in the unions, and in the country at large.

There is room here only to mention the splendid literary work of Morris Hillquit. He had a clear, sparkling style and his books and articles ranked high for literary value as well as content.

His work in the labor movement, especially in the needle trades, is a shining chapter in American labor history; some day it will be written and the world will know the matchless services of this great man. In strike after strike he counseled with the workers; and his settlements were of incalculable value to them.

His services to the needle unions continued to the very end; his very last work was to fly to Washington by plane to argue a code for the Cloakmakers. At the funeral ceremonies at Cooper Union it was related by David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, that Hillquit was the first to propose that a union draft its own code, and fight for it, rather than to fight against unfavorable provisions in codes offered them. He left what was virtually his deathbed to argue the Cloakmakers' Code that he drew up, and he won; many other unions took the hint and did accordingly.

In 1906 Hillquit waged the first of the campaigns for which he became famous, the first battle to redeem the East Side from Tammany Hall and to win it for the workers.

What a battle that was! Hillquit revealed unexpected qualities as a popular campaigner. Flanked by such men as William Mailly, Robert Hunter, James Oneal, who came in from the West about that time, and others, besides the men of his own generation in the New York movement,



Hillquit waged a fight that stirred the city. In that year Professor Franklin H. Giddings, head of the department of Sociology at Columbia, advised members of his graduate classes to go downtown and work for the election of Hillquit if they wanted to do something for American democracy.

The election returns showed that the Tammany man had won, and he took his seat, but no one believed that the figures came within five thousands votes of the actual results.

In 1908 Hillquit ran again, and again he beat the Republican by thousands, and was defeated only by Tammany arithmetic.

For nine years thereafter Hillquit served the party as counselor and friend, as committeeman and guide. In 1912, for example, he felt that a certain tendency represented by the syndicalism of the I.W.W. was dangerous to the Socialist movement. Although it was supported by the then popular William D. Haywood, Hillquit did not hesitate to wage war upon it, and he led the fight in the 1912 convention at Indianapolis that led to a clarification of the party's position. His courage in facing unpopularity with his own comrades for what he believed right was as great as his courage in fighting the foes of his cause.

In that year he suffered his first breakdown from tuberculosis. He spent the fall and winter in Bermuda, returning to attend committee meetings, and the winter and spring in Switzerland. There, in August, 1913, he spoke at the funeral of August Bebel, and his address was considered the greatest among those delivered by the greatest men and women of world Socialism.

Returning in the fall, he was greeted with wild enthusiasm by his comrades, and he plunged into party work again, and into the struggles of the unions. In 1914 he was on his way to Europe to attend the International Congress in Paris when war broke out and he returned, to take the lead in the party's anti-war campaign.

In 1916 he drew up the party's position on terms of peace, and together with Congressman Meyer London and James H. Maurer he went to Washington to argue them with President Wilson. Later the party's peace plans, much garbled, re-appeared as President Wilson's Fourteen Points.

In the fall of 1916 he ran for Congress in Harlem, and again waged a fight that attracted the attention of the entire country. But this time it was Republican arithmetic that defeated him by a slender margin.

Two years later a city-wide Tammany-Republican fusion defeated him in Harlem as well as Meyer London on the East Side. A beneficiary of that fusion was a young Republican Congressman named LaGuardia, who accepted Tammany support in the bi-partisan deal to "save" the city from Socialism and for Tammany and the Republican reactionaries.

Then came 1917; America was dragged into the war and Russia drove out the Czar. Hillquit was again in the front rank of those who fought for peace, and of those who rejoiced at the Russian revolution. His great speech at Madison Square Garden in March, with the refrain, "*Russia Is Free!*" will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

In the fall he was named for Mayor. In that year Hillquit outdid himself. His lungs were troubling him again, but he kept the information

to himself. He was in danger of indictment or of lynching; but that did not matter. His comrades counted upon him, and he did not fail them. He never did.

Morris Hillquit led us in that campaign, and we who fought under his leadership will ever cherish the memory of the battle, and of his inspired leadership. Night after night he went from place to place, speaking like the man he was, saying what was in our hearts to say, and we were proud to be his comrades.

Hillquit faced opposition that year that no one who was not in the struggle can ever imagine. Hatred, prejudice, threats of mob violence, concealed and open anti-Semitism! but he never gave one inch.

He found time for brilliant legal defense of victims of war-time fury and hysteria; he found time, as always, for debates with opponents of Socialism.

Then came another breakdown, this time more serious than the previous one. Again he went away in quest of health; again he followed with keen interest the affairs of the party and of the unions. In 1918 he again ran for Congress, but in absentia, and he did not return to New York until the fall of 1919, and then for only a short time.

It was in the winter of 1920 that he again threw himself into the struggle. In that year came the notorious Sweet ouster of the regularly elected Socialist Assemblyman of New York. And Hillquit left his sick bed at the risk of his health and his life to defend the five Socialists. His defense was masterly, it was courageous, it was brilliant. It will forever stand as a monument in the battle for free institutions.

And then again party work; the 1920 convention, and the struggle against the neo-Communism that sought to split and destroy the Socialist movement, and again Hillquit risked unpopularity to defend the position of Social Democracy. But the welcome he received upon his return showed that despite differences of opinion his comrades loved him . . . as he deserved to be loved.

And so the last few years hurried by. In 1924 he led the party in the LaFollette adventure; it is possible that he never had showed more brilliance, more persistence, more courage than then. His battle in the LaFollette movement was for the Socialist Party, and in the Socialist Party for the acceptance of the LaFollette movement.

Then more years passed. The party, the whole country and the world began to realize his greatness in its true perspective. His writings were read with eagerness, his lectures, debates and speeches listened to with joy. He basked in the love of comrades, a love that came to a climax in 1929, when the whole world celebrated his 60th birthday, and he gaily promised "at least twenty or twenty-five years more." In that year he was selected National Chairman of the party.

But, alas! he was wrong. It struck him again. After his magnificent mayoralty battle, he began to fail rapidly, and then came the end, October 7th, 1933.

Life for many of us has been emptier since that day a year ago. Tears fall from our eyes as we write this. But we carry on . . . Morris would have wished us to.



## BEN HANFORD

"GOOD God, Comrades, there hasn't been a chance for us to make a mistake that we haven't eagerly seized. In that we have been like the labor movement"—so went a speech at the 1904 national convention of the Socialist party.

But the speaker didn't stop there. He had begun: "If it be true that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, then there never was a group so beloved of the Lord as the Socialist party," and then, following his remark about making mistakes, he went on: "But, like the labor movement, we have no more interest in perpetuating our mistakes than have the labor organizations, and, like them, we are interested only in learning from them how to avoid future mistakes."

The speaker was Ben Hanford, and he had just been nominated for Vice President to make the race with 'Gen' Debs. It was, by the way, the only national convention that was attended by both the candidates placed on the Presidential ticket. Coming to the platform in response to the demands of the delegates, he said, "You noticed that I came to the front in a round-about way; but I got here, just the same. That's the way with our party." And then one of the finest and pithiest of Socialist convention speeches was under way.

Hanford died in January, 1910, not yet 50 years old. But he was considered one of the two biggest men in the Socialist movement, big because of his abilities and his devotion. He had been candidate for Governor of New York three times, for Mayor once, and for Vice President twice. Had he lived, it was believed that he would have been candidate for President in 1912.

Ben Hanford was a little printer—"little" in the sense that the "Jimmie Higgins" he made immortal was a little man. Ben was short and insignificant, physically; but that's where his "littleness" ended. He had been born in Cleveland, and had worked as printer in Marshalltown, Ind., and in cities of the East. He was not married until late in life, he had no particular philosophy and he hadn't a thing to live for—at least, so he said. So he thought he was headed for the gutter.

While working in Washington in the early 'nineties he attended a lecture in the Typographical Temple on G Street. Following the address of the speaker he made a short speech. At its close some one came to him and said, "Why, Hanford, I didn't know that you were a Socialist!"

Ben didn't either; but shortly afterwards he drifted to Philadelphia, and a lecture by Abraham Cahan and discussion with his fellow-printer, Fred Long, finished the job; and from that moment his very life was the Socialist movement. He had no other interest.

"Comrade Hanford, I want to tell you how much I think of what you have done for Socialism," said Eugene Wood at one time.

"I haven't done anything for Socialism," replied Ben; "Socialism has done everything for me. Next to having Socialism the greatest thing on earth is fighting for Socialism."

In his first campaign as a candidate, in 1898, Hanford showed his mettle as a remarkable orator, whose qualities were not so much studied grace, but absolute earnestness, tempered with fine humor. His abilities as an inspiring speaker developed with his humorous national campaign until he became one of the two best in America.

In later years Hanford did a lot of writing, and as his health declined he threw all his energies into his writing. He had helped found The Call. He had worked at fairs and bazaars and balls to get The Call started. When The Call found itself financially embarrassed—nothing unique in The Call's history—he made his last great effort for the paper.

In daily articles published in its columns, he called upon every worker to give one day's pay to The Call. His letters were agonizing—but the Comrades loved their Ben; they knew, as he knew, that he was dying, and that his message to them to give up one day's pay, was his last message. "Do you love your dollar better than your Call?" he asked. And from poor, dying Fred Long, in Philadelphia, to the youngest recruit in the ranks, the response came.

He raised something less than \$6,000; but that was not all. He gave his life for The Call. He died for The Call. His last message was this, "We Socialists are always asking you to give. Do we never give anything?"

And he fought on! He died in harness. In January, 1910, he knew his end was near, and he joked about it. He had been fleeced so much, living that he did not want his family to be fleeced in his death, so he begged Julius Gerber, to inquire after estimates among the undertakers.

It was on January 24, that he died. He was delirious; he thought that he was on a great platform, swaying vast multitudes with the glorious eloquence born of a magnificent soul and a simple heart; he made his speech over again. And his wife, who had married him in the very shadow of death, was at his bedside when he signalled for an envelope, one of the yellow envelopes in which he used to send his contribution to The Call, and on it he wrote with his dying fingers. "I would that my every heart's beat should have been for the working class, and through them for all mankind. Ben Hanford." And then he died!

Could any death upon the battlefield have been more glorious!



## MEYER LONDON

IT was early in the morning following election day in 1914. After a wild night full of rumors, punctuated with brawls at polling places, often breaking out into open fights, the news had been published in election extras that the sitting Tammany Congressman, Henry M. Goldfogle, had been re-elected by a majority of 5,000 in the 12th Congressional District in New York's congested East Side. The extras, however, gave only the Republican and the Democratic vote; they made no mention of the Socialist vote, nor did the evening papers until late the next day.

The Socialists had carried on a terrific campaign, and they knew they had elected their Congressman. The Socialist watchers had stuck to their posts, often at imminent risk of their lives, and did not turn their reports in to headquarters until the last vote for the least important office had been entered upon the tally sheets (that was before the time of machines). Socialist runners had brought in preliminary reports that indicated the election of Meyer London. But it was not until the dawn was breaking that the election was confirmed by the totaling up of the watchers' reports.

The news swept the East Side like wildfire. The humble folk of that teeming section had long been enslaved and plundered by Tammany Hall at its vilest. This was the first break. Tammany, for all its brutal methods, was licked. It was the dawn of a new day!

The Socialist watchers and other party workers had gathered for a bite of breakfast in a Divison Street restaurant. Just as the first rays of the sun broke through, Meyer London entered—unutterably weary but walking like a conquering lion. No one who was there will ever forget the indescribable thrill of the moment. It was worth waiting a lifetime for. Comrades shouted their joy, embraced and kissed London, tears streaming down their faces; workingmen long exploited, plundered and outraged by Tammany rule of the district looked up in awe and said, "Is that he?"

Meyer London had been elected to Congress; and the following Sunday Madison Square Garden was jammed with deliriously happy Socialists who came to celebrate. "Congressman London," said Morris Hillquit triumphantly, "is the only member of the House of Representatives who has to hire Madison Square Garden for a Sunday afternoon reception to his constituents."

Meyer London served six years in Congress, six of the most terrible years in recent history. Unlike Victor Berger, who came to Congress at a time of friendliness and good will, he was promptly plunged into the fearful problems of the early years of the war, and of the beginning of America's participation in the European slaughter. A man of peace, one of the

friendliest and sweetest souls I have ever known, his whole public life was a battle; he fought three bitter and unsuccessful campaigns before he finally won election to Congress; (he told me that a Socialist in that district had to have 10,000 votes in the bag just to break even); he was engaged in earnest and often violent controversy within his own party, and he used to say that his bitterest fights were with himself: "Often in the afternoon I differ violently from my position of that same morning."

London lived a turbulent, a fighting life, and it was not until after his retirement from Congress—a "retirement" forced by a crooked Tammany gerrymander of his district, a Republican-Tammany fusion and wholesale theft of votes—that his comrades really began to appreciate him. He had been with them so long, they had known him so intimately, they had been through so much together that they had hardly noticed his steady growth from just a good and willing branch worker to the stature he assumed toward the end.

For London was one of that rare breed that knows how to grow and develop. When he went to Congress he was not satisfied merely to make conventional Socialist stump speeches; he gave himself the task of studying and understanding everything that was before the House, and so he gradually became one of the best-informed public men in America. At one time a tariff bill was before Congress, and he made himself a master not only of the tariff before him but also of the history and the theory of tariffs. He studied tariffs of the past, and he learned of the tariff measures of the House of Doges that had ruled Venice for many centuries. He thereupon learned to read Italian and he read all he could of the House of Doges—and quite startled the best-informed men in the House with his exceptional knowledge of the whole field of government.

But despite his deep knowledge, despite his genuine contributions to legislative progress, despite his services to the workers on the industrial field (and they were many and of incalculable value), Meyer London remained to the end what he was in the beginning: a flaming soul, a man on fire with love for humanity and devotion to the cause of human emancipation. To know him was to love him. His bitterest political enemies had the deepest affection for him personally. The henchmen of Tammany, who had conspired to steal election after election, felt so grieved at his tragic and untimely death that they quietly attended his funeral, walked behind his coffin—and were unknown to any one in the throngs that mourned. Those who know the habits of Tammany benchmen will realize the depth of that personal tribute.

London lived briefly, but his life covered much. He was but 54 when he was struck down on the streets of New York by a taxicab, but in his 35 years of activity he had packed in so much work and so many achievements that it is impossible even to list them in a space like this.

Mainly, however, London lived, and he inspired those who knew him. And that alone was a contribution of enormous importance to the Socialist movement of America.



## MICHAEL ZAMETKIN

WITH the death of Michael Zametkin last week at the age of 76 another of the thinning ranks of pioneers of the Jewish Socialist and Labor movement passed away. Few, indeed, are left of the gallant band of idealists, mainly immigrants from Russia, who came to the exploited and sweated Jewish workers in the congested Ghettoes of New York and other cities, brought them the inspiration of Socialism, and organized them into great trade unions.

Michael Zametkin's services to the Socialist and Labor movement spanned half a century in this country, although in recent years illness had kept him largely inactive. To the very end, however, he retained his interest in the party and its activities, and in the Forward Association. He rarely missed a meeting of the Forward Association, often attending when he appeared too ill to leave his bed.

Comrade Zametkin was a native of Odessa, born in January, 1859, and as a university student was known as a brilliant mathematician. He early associated himself with the revolutionary movement, and had to leave Russia to escape the Czar's police. He came to America in the first great wave of Russian-Jewish immigration of 53 years ago.

Here he worked in a shirt factory for a while; later he was a teacher in the public night schools. He early joined the ranks of the Jewish Socialist pioneers, and soon became known as one of the ablest and most fiery of the Socialist speakers of that period.

In addition to his lecturing in every part of the East, Comrade Zametkin was a trenchant writer and contributed to all the Jewish Socialist publications. He was one of the founders of the Jewish Daily Forward, and for a brief period was its editor. He remained associated with the staff of the Forward until his death.

The funeral Friday morning was attended by a large gathering of Comrade Zametkin's old associates. Brief addresses were delivered by Jacob Panken, Abraham Cahan, B. C. Vlodeck, and Joseph Weinberg.

## THE FLAVOR OF THE MAN

IT is easy to say that Art Young is the American Daumier, that he is the greatest cartoonist since Th. Nast, that he is a social philosopher of the first rank, that he is a political commentator whose deep seriousness is by no means concealed by his wit and charm and joviality.

All these things are true, but added together they do not constitute a complete picture of the man. For of Art Young it is literally true that the whole is far greater than the sum of all its parts.

It is by no means easy to capture the flavor of the man; it is necessary to sit and talk with him, to walk with him and to eat with him, to know him, to begin to realize the manner of man he is.

There is a picture he drew that appeared in one of the important magazines that always tickled me; it shows a middle-aged, comfortable looking couple, a husband and wife, at the theatre. The man says to an usher: "Can you tell me if this is a good play?" "Why, yes," says the usher, "it is a good play." "There, mother," says the man to his wife, "I told you it was a good play."

Before that picture appeared, Art told me the incident; he swears he overheard it in a theatre, and his deep delight at the episode, his chuckle, his benignity were as much part of the incident as the episode itself. For Art loves human beings, even though he laughs at their foibles, and though he hates injustice with a blazing, blistering hate.

Have you ever heard him in his prime telling stories? (Some of them could hardly be printed here, even in these frank days.) Have you ever heard him make a speech? Have you ever heard him as the Southern Senator? It is an uproariously funny sketch, but somehow it never made a hit in the South. It is possible that Alabama, hearing the speech, might have elected him to the Senate; or if they suspected that he was poking fun at the like of Tom Heflin and Theodore Bilbo, they might have hatched him. But elsewhere it was poisonously funny. But it wasn't very bitter, because Art cannot seem ever to be bitter at people.

Once I caught him gravely studying instruments in the window of a music store. He said he wanted to get an idea of what a saxophone looked like. He had been at a convention of stuffed shirts—the Republican convention that nominated Cal Coolidge for President, I believe—and at a certain moment a signal was given for music. The members of the band, in a balcony box, had been bored into slumber by the oratory, and the saxophonist woke up so suddenly that he fell out of the box. Art was preparing to immortalize the incident in one of his gorgeous drawings.



That was like him; he couldn't be bitter at what Mencken might call stuffed-shirtedness; he was only hugely amused at it.

A writer once said that there never was a man more accurately and happily described by his own name; Art Young is not merely a collection of letters to designate one man and set him apart in statistics from other men, but rather it is a description of the man himself.

Somehow I cannot help thinking of Mark Twain in connection with Art Young. It is not a pose with him, as it was not with Mark Twain, to laugh at the idiocies of the human race in order to keep sane in the presence of what the human race has done with itself. It is no self-conscious laughter behind the tears; it is the genuine expression of a man who is a swell guy, a real man, a noble figure in an ignoble world. All honor to him!

## ABRAHAM I. SHIPLACOFF

THURSDAY, February 7th, marks the first anniversary of the passing of the beloved Abraham I. Shiplacoff after a long and agonizing illness. For several years before his death Shiplacoff had been too ill to participate in active work, and there are therefore many of the newer members of the party to whom he is but a name.

But to those who knew him and worked with him in the Socialist or the labor movement, Shiplacoff is not and never will be merely a name. He takes his place among the Socialist immortals with men and women of such diverse characteristics and contributions to our cause as Meyer London and William Mailly, Ben Hanford and Benjamin Feigenbaum, Anna A. Maley and Eugene V. Debs, Ben Schlesinger and Morris Hillquit, comrades to whom nothing mattered except the progress of the cause to which they had devoted their lives.

In A. I. Shiplacoff were combined a sterling and a beautiful character, remarkable ability, and a wonderful devotion to his cause. It is hard for those who did not know him to realize the magnitude and extent of his activities, for such a man rarely appears among us.

Those who knew him well, who enjoyed the sweetness of his character, his charm and his bubbling humor often loved him as a man so much that they forgot his sterling abilities and his matchless devotion, and that was hardly to be wondered at, considering how great that personal charm was. He was, when all is said and done, a lovely character.

Men and women of all walks of life were devoted to him. A thoroughgoing secularist in religion, denounced by the orthodox for "misleading" the youth by bringing them the Socialist ideal, nevertheless he was the most sought-after man in Brownsville by these very orthodox religionists for advice on every problem under the sun, from bringing up their children and family tangles to industrial and economic troubles.

An early convert to Socialism, the pupil of the late B. Feigenbaum whom he worshiped as his "rabbi"—and who warmly returned the affection—he brought to his Socialist agitation a warmth and a humanity that it so often lacks, something that came from his heart and soul. To hear him speak anywhere—on the street corner or in a lecture hall, in a committee or convention or in a legislative body—was a delight. Gifted with a mellow voice, a winning smile, a delightful sense of fun, and a wealth of information, firm logic and a gift of expression, married to indomitable courage, a speech by "Ship" was always something to listen to.

A workingman, and a workingman's son, he never rose out of his class, but remained intimately identified with his fellow workers to the day of his death. Workingmen loved him, whether they were his fellow



Jewish tailors or Irish plumbers. He spoke their language, and they understood him. His humanity was real. It was his very being.

This is not the occasion to recount individual incidents of his devotion and his heroism—and they were many; there is room here merely to recount the fact that with his frail, often ailing body, he faced all enemies with the courage of a hero, regardless of cost to himself.

Those who watched him during his three terms in the New York Legislature will never forget the lone fight he waged against the "bloody five"—Governor Whitman's militarist bills—when he stood alone in the 1916 Legislature; nor the lion-like courage he showed, together with his colleague, the late Joseph A. Whitehorn, in the 1917 legislature, when the "patriots" were howling for blood; nor the courage he showed when accompanied by nine comrades—of whom the writer of this tribute was one—in the 1918 legislature.

He knew our enemies were thirsting for blood, and that nothing would suit them better than to commit violence upon him. He knew they hated him, although in their hearts they had to admire him. He knew he stood with his comrades far from the source of Socialist strength of New York City when reactionaries seriously proposed that restaurants and hotels refuse to serve the Socialists; he knew his (and our) danger when the rascally ex-bartender and prize-fighter Martin G. McCue openly incited to lynching. But his courage never failed, and his temper was never ruffled. He was a great leader.

His work in the labor movement is another story that has never been fully told; but it is safe to say that he set a standard of lofty idealism and unselfish devotion that may well stand forever as an inspiration to labor leaders everywhere.

Shiplacoff stood at the very peak. No one could impeach his sincerity, his honesty, his intrepidity, his courage. He was a great soul, a great Socialist, a great leader of workers. A. I. Shiplacoff was a man and it will be long before his like will be seen again.

He sleeps today out in Mount Carmel beside his old teacher, B. Feigenbaum, who had for him the affection of a father for a beloved son, and near Ben Schlesinger, Meyer London, Max Pine, Vladimir Medem, and other great heroes of the Socialist and Labor movement. May we who have inherited from him the sad world he left too soon, be worthy of the legacy of inspiration they have left for us!

## GEORGE KIRKPATRICK

THE ranks of the old-timers are thinning out. Three weeks after his 70th birthday, George R. Kirkpatrick is taken from us. It is a hard blow to his friends, and his passing leaves a gap in the ranks of democratic Socialism that cannot easily be filled.

For years Kirk never seemed to change. That big head, those gray eyes, that amused, quizzical look, and that great shock of iron-gray hair were the signs of a man who never seemed to grow old. Then, in recent years, he grew white. The last time I saw him was at the tragic Detroit convention three years ago. He was the same old Kirk, he had the same fire, he had the same affectionate greetings for his old friends, but he seemed subdued. The magnitude of the tragedy that was overwhelming the party to which he had given thirty years of his life, the arrogance of those who had determined to rule and ruin that to which he had devoted all his great abilities and matchless energies had their effect upon him.

Many fine speeches were made in opposition to the insane Declaration that seemed deliberately designed to destroy our party, but Kirk's was one of the most effective. There stood the old lion of Socialism, his hair snow-white, the fire in him as of the many years of the past; and earnestly and sadly he warned of the inevitable catastrophe that would come if the plans of the self-appointed saviors of the party were carried out. He was serious, grave; he was magnificent. He lost—we lost and Socialism lost. But he went back to California to carry on, and in his last great campaign he ran for U. S. Senator in the Golden State and polled a record vote of 110,000, while one of the "saviors of Socialism," running for Governor, had to be content with 3,500.

George Ross Kirkpatrick, born in Ohio on February 24, 1867, was one of the many men who came out of academic life to devote himself to our cause; but he was one of the few to stick. Long ago the Socialists forgot to refer to him as Professor, although for many years he was a college instructor. When he joined the Socialist ranks he put everything else behind him and gave his whole being to Socialist education and propaganda.

George Kirkpatrick was one of the most effective propagandists we ever had, for he combined deep thought and study with the fire of the zealot. Unlike too many of the agitators we have had, his propaganda was always fortified with knowledge; no matter how fiery a speech might have been, it was always in effect a lecture based on deep study. There was substance behind every speech he made.

His best-known book is, of course, "War: What For?" It is possible that in time that magnificent book will be remembered as one of the really



great works of the spirit in American history. Written and widely circulated before the outbreak of the World War, it had an important influence on the American people. It struck with sledge-hammer blows, it marshaled facts and figures, seasoned them with irony and fierce earnestness, and flung the challenge of its title into a world that would be infinitely better off today if it had heeded.

His other propaganda books, "Mental Dynamite," "Think—Or Surrender," and the rest, were equally effective.

It is characteristic of Kirk that his campaign for Vice-President in 1916 was only an episode in his career. He waged a fine campaign, and he came to be known to hundreds of thousands of workers; but he worked for Socialism before 1916, and when the votes were counted he carried on.

Kirk was a beautiful soul. His greeting, "How are you, Old Scout?", warmed the heart. To him Socialist comradeship was everything, and he gave his all for it. Never an office man, when the moment required it he went into the National Office and served briefly as National Secretary, holding the fort until one of the "newer" element, in the person of Clarence Senior, came in to "show the tired and bankrupt old-timers how to run an office and build up a party." Then he went out to California with his wife, who had been Florence Hall, a teacher and an active Chicago Socialist; but he did not go there to rest. He went to continue his work for democratic Socialism.

The Social Democratic movement will miss Comrade Kirkpatrick. But the Socialists who knew and loved him will miss him even more. He takes his place in our pantheon with Debs and Hillquit, with Berger and Hanford, with Mailly and Jonas, with London and Shiplacoff, with Barnes and Branstetter. He will not be forgotten. His work lives on.

## THE TRIANGLE SLAUGHTER

ON March 25, 1911, the great Triangle fire occurred. It was the most startling industrial accident in the history of the city. The Triangle shop, Harris and Blanck, proprietors, was an open shop, and many stories were told of the unusually bad treatment of the girls employed there.

On the day after the fire *The Call* came out in mourning; there were reversed rules between the columns, and a heavy black band around the reading matter on the first page. It was a memorable issue, and the grim and gruesome aspect of the paper itself struck one with the horror of the catastrophe.

It was *The Call* alone of all the English newspapers of the city that had the courage to fight the fight that naturally arose out of the fire. The capitalist press wept bitter tears and condoled with the families of those who had been lost. Capitalist newspapers supported a demand for better fire laws.

But *The Call* alone called the spade a spade. The day after the news of the holocaust had frozen the city with horror, *The Call* carried an editorial entitled, "Murder and Nothing Else But Murder." The first page that day had the striking cartoon by John Sloan that became famous, called "The Triangle." It was a great triangle, with its sides labeled "Rent; Profit; Interest." On one side leaned a grinning skeleton; on the other, a fat profiteer, and in the center lay the body of a dead girl, with smoking ruins about her. That cartoon did more to enact fairly good fire protection laws than any other agency.

At the top of the page that day was the great black legend: "How long will the workers permit themselves to be burned as well as enslaved in their shops?"

The next day there was another Triangle cartoon, the triangle this time being formed of a pile of human skulls. There were stories of how the waist shop officials fought to place the blame for their remissness upon the city officials. The next day there was a cartoon, "The mark on the pay envelope," a skeleton surrounded by smoke making a dollar, and on the top of the page, "What are the workers going to do about it?" And so, day after day, *The Call* hammered away at the waist bosses and their responsibility for the fire.

The result was not the legal action, nor the reprisals that were expected. On April 8 the officers of the Triangle Waist Company tried to buy *The Call*!

A contract for an advertisement was offered and a check for \$250; nothing was to be printed in the "ad" except the fact that there was such a



firm as Harris & Blanck. *The Call* printed a picture of the contract and the check, and contemptuously sent them back.

And at that time, as at all other times, a sum like \$250 was not to be despised in the always pinched office of *The Call*.

*The Call* has fought many battles for the workers, and the enemies of the workers have tried many ways of "getting" *The Call*. Sometimes it has attempted bribery direct. Sometimes it has been a more subtle means. Sometimes, as was the case in the summer of 1921, *The Call* was offered advertising by the United States Shipping Board, for which the return would have been money desperately needed for *The Call*, but which was promptly rejected. Sometimes, as during the case of the milk drivers' strike, *The Call* refused to take advertisements of the milk companies.

But in all the years of *The Call's* history, there never was an issue so direct, so straightforward, as that of the Triangle fire.

It was a scab shop, that had fought the union in the great strike a year before and that had not settled.

It was due to criminal carelessness, due to eagerness to save a few dollars, that the girls were trapped when the fire broke out.

The 147 victims were the direct victims of capitalist greed, unvarnished by any other elements, and *The Call* said so in editorial after editorial; cartoon after cartoon, and while the other papers were weeping bitter tears over the families of the lost girls, while their attitude was, What a Dreadful Pity! *The Call* minced no words and called it what it was—murder.

That story is one of the chapters in the history of *The Call* of which *The Call's* great family will always be proud.

## ABOUT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

It now appears that Christopher Columbus reached the continent that later came to be known as America on a voyage prior to 1492, that he was a Spaniard and not an Italian, as has hitherto been supposed, and that he was something of a professional pirate.

These startling tidings—a little late, of course, but still hot news—were embodied in a lecture delivered in Hamburg by a Peruvian professor, who has been spending a good deal of time delving in the archives in Madrid.

There is in the Spanish capital an institution known as the *Casa de Indios*, the House of the Indies, in which millions of documents are filed and which is and will continue for many years to be an almost inexhaustible mine for those engaged in historical research. During the three hundred years and more that Spain controlled a vast colonial empire reports of governors and alcaldes, negotiations with caciques, accounts and all manner of papers were filed there. They are badly indexed, but they are at the disposal of historians.

It is easy, therefore, for scholars to dig and dig and dig, and then report to the world startling information.

Professor Luis Ulloa of Lima, lecturing before the Americanist congress in Hamburg, said that Columbus was a Catalonian Corsair who had been in revolt against King Juan II of Aragon and joined a group of Danish Corsairs who reached America, step by step, via Ireland, Greenland, Labrador and Newfoundland, and that he sailed down the coast as far as Florida. Later he sold his idea to Ferdinand and Isabella and sailed officially for them.

This is exceedingly interesting—if true. But there is no reason to doubt that it might very easily be true. There has been so much darkness in the early life of the Great Admiral that any plausible story is worth looking into.

The very date and birthplace of Columbus are not certainly known. It is generally believed that he was born in Genoa in 1435, 1446 or 1451, that his father was a wool-comber, that he loafed on the wharfs and acquired a love of the sea, that he became a sailor and then a map-maker, and that when he saw his great vision he peddled the idea of a voyage across the Atlantic to one king after another, finally wearing down the resistance of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Castile and Aragon.

From 1492 there is no more mystery in the life of the Discoverer. He left a great name, many enemies, a large family and enormous wealth and titles of nobility to his descendants. He became the Viceroy and Admiral of the Indies, with more than regal powers; and when his son



Fernando wrote his biography after his death he naturally puffed up his early life to make it appear that he was the son of people of means and that he had been university trained. Naturally, therefore, his early life has become blurred.

Genoa, of course, vehemently insists that Columbus was a native of that city, but for a long time the Spaniards claimed him, and there is a persistent story that he was a Jew. The latter theory is widely held by certain Jewish pseudo-historians, who insist that Columbus' own ardent Catholicism is accounted for by the fact that the Jews had been harried in Spain a century and a half before and expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, and that millions of Spanish Jews became "Marranos"—or accepted formal conversion—and practised their own religion in secret. Competent historians do not take the theory of Columbus' Jewish descent seriously. In the days in which Columbus lived there were no newspapers. There was no reason for anyone to take any notice of the life of this obscure wanderer—that is, prior to 1492. After that date there is the fullest and most reliable information, thanks to the splendid Spanish government archives.

That Columbus was not the first European to reach the shores of America has long been generally known. Those magnificent seamen, the Norsemen, certainly reached Newfoundland and New England nearly five centuries before the great Admiral, and they settled what they called Vineland. It is known that Columbus on one occasion visited Iceland as a sailor, and he may there have heard about Vineland.

The generally accepted fact of the earlier discovery detracts nothing at all from the glory of Columbus, for when he sailed in 1492 the world in general knew nothing about the voyages of the Icelanders and Norsemen. They had left no permanent settlement, and when the Spaniards, French, English, Dutch, Portuguese and other explorers and settlers came here they found what was to all intents and purposes a virgin continent.

There is, in addition to the historically authenticated voyages of the Vikings, the legendary voyage of the Irish St. Brendan of Clonfert, who is said to have made a voyage to "The Promised Land of the Saints" in the years 565-573. The land was called St. Brendan's Island, and there are still many who insist that the saint actually reached America. Ten centuries later it was believed to be the island of Madeira, and only in 1759 was it definitely explained that what had so long been believed in as a land across the sea was merely a mirage, an optical illusion.

There is still another and far more amazing story that some scholars sincerely believe. It is that America was well known to the Carthaginians and the Phoenicians who preceded them; that they sailed regularly from Cape St. Louis, known as the "shoulder" of Africa, to Brazil and that there was a definite trade there. Many Indian words and symbols on the Maya ruins are said to be of Punic origin.

In the two centuries before the voyages of Columbus, according to these historians, there was a regularly organized commerce with America, conducted by a huge business organization covering every country of western Europe. But in those countries legal foreign trade was a monopoly

of king or government, and this trade was strictly bootlegged. It is said, however, that the trade was thoroughly organized in what was virtually a government within a government, and that it existed without official notice from the government in whose eyes it was theoretically non-existent.

Many storehouses crammed with books, records, ledgers and even full reports of legal proceedings in the bootleg courts of this speakeasy government have been found and they are now being deciphered. It is said that Columbus had a map given him by someone in the service of this super-government and was guided by it in his great adventure.

The world is waiting for a key that will unlock the mysteries buried in the great monuments hidden in the jungles of Yucatan and Guatemala. That the people who lived there, built great cities and vanished without leaving a trace, attained a degree of culture that cannot be explained except on the theory of contact with Europe and Asia has long been accepted. But what that contact was, how it was maintained, and what ended it are still unpenetrated mysteries. When those keys are found — some Maya "rosetta stone"—the world will begin to understand the story of the Aztecs, the Mayas and the Incas.

Meanwhile, the greatness and glory of Columbus are undimmed. Nothing that can be learned about him or about America before his time can detract from the vision, the genius and the courage that drove him to find the land that is now our home.



## BECAUSE OF A NAIL

**B**ECAUSE of a nail, the story goes, the shoe was lost; because of the shoe the rider was lost; because of the rider the battle was lost; because of the battle the cause was lost; because of the cause the kingdom was lost.

A news story 154 years old comes from London by a roundabout way that because of a nail the Revolution was won and we are a free and independent people. It is not, of course, as simple as that, but that's the general idea.

As everyone knows, in the summer of 1777 a British army was marching down from Canada with the object of meeting at Albany a British army that was to march up from New York. With the junction of the armies of Sir John Burgoyne and of Sir Henry Clinton the States of New England would have been completely cut off from the rest of the struggling nation, and it would have been impossible for the revolutionists to go on. It was a perfect military plan for the ending of the rebellion.

Washington had been compelled to abandon New York the year before, and after the terrible retreat across New Jersey, a dark moment in our history illumined only by the brilliant victories of Trenton and Princeton, he was engaged in a stubborn defense of Philadelphia, the capital of the rudimentary nation.

Sir William Howe attacked Washington in August, 1777, and defeated him at Brandywine and Germantown and entered the city, ousting Washington. Washington thereupon took up quarters at Valley Forge, where the darkest winter of the revolution was spent by the starving and freezing army.

While Howe successfully engaged Washington and the main American army, the British War Office provided for a northward march up the Hudson by a force under Clinton, for the Albany junction. New York could easily be held with most of the American forces otherwise engaged. But the plan miscarried.

Burgoyne proceeded southward, his men in heavy marching order, heavily equipped, carrying heavy muskets and wearing tall bearskins as they cut their way at the rate of a mile a day through the dense and tangled woods. The Americans fought in their shirtsleeves, chopping down trees before the slowly advancing British. Off in Vermont John Stark whipped a party of Hessian raiders under Col. Baum, and at Oriskany the rugged German settlers were victorious under their brave leader, General Nicholas Herkimer, and held the Mohawk Valley open to the Americans. Thus Burgoyne's two wings were smashed, and driven upon the main column of the advancing host.

In front of Burgoyne was an army under General Philip Schuyler, seconded by the man who might be called America's Bravest of the Brave—Benedict Arnold, who fought like a tiger for the country he sought to betray a brief year later.

Burgoyne, slowly moving forward, confidently expected the forces of Clinton to attack the Schuyler-Arnold forces in the rear and thus effect the necessary junction. But Clinton never came; he was thoroughly enjoying a delightful summer in New York and with the wealthy Tories of the pleasant Westchester countryside, wholly oblivious of the fact that he was supposed to be in the field.

The British were halted at Stillwater, at Bemis Heights and at Saratoga, and (now under General Horatio Gates), the Americans won their first great victory of the war, compelling Burgoyne to surrender and turning the tide of the revolution.

For if Clinton had marched northward and had effected the junction—or at least had attacked the Americans from the rear—the great victory of Saratoga would have been impossible, the colonies would in all probability have been compelled to give in, and it is not improbable that today we would all be British colonials, part of the same dominion as Canada.

But as things turned out the Americans were heartened and the British discouraged. The latter offered the colonists peace with all their demands of 1774 and 1775 completely granted. But the colonies having declared themselves Free and Independent States, would have none of it, and held out for complete victory—which they would never have been able to win if it were not for an indirect result of the failure of Clinton to march to meet Burgoyne.

Benjamin Franklin was Ambassador in Paris and when he heard of the great victory he argued so persuasively with the King's ministers that the American cause was bound to prevail that France declared war upon Great Britain, and placed resources of men and money at the disposal of the patriots on so lavish a scale that they finally turned the tide. For it is admitted now that if it had not been for French intervention the revolution would have been a lost cause; and if it had not been for the victory at Saratoga the French could not have been induced to intervene; and if Clinton had not failed to march up the Hudson Saratoga could not have been won.

Why, then, did Clinton stay home and leave Burgoyne alone to toss away the great American empire of the British king? The answer is that the dispatch to General Howe ordering him to go himself or send Clinton to support Burgoyne was never sent. Somebody simply forgot to send it. The attack on Philadelphia was his own idea.

In "The Devil's Disciple," Bernard Shaw has Burgoyne say that "some gentleman in London" forgot to send Howe his orders. Shaw only guessed that that was the reason "Gentleman Johnny" was left unsupported, but now it is known that that is just what happened.

Papers just made public prove that interesting point. William Knox, Permanent Under-Secretary of the British Colonial office from 1770 to 1782, kept a memorandum that told what happened on a certain day,



which has just come to light. Letters had been prepared to be sent to Burgoyne to march southward and to Howe to march—or to send Clinton—northward. Lord Sackville, later Lord Germaine, was about to sign them preparatory to leaving for a week-end in the country. He had signed the letter to Burgoyne and was about to leave. The letter to Howe was not ready. Knox told him about it, and Sackville said he would prepare a few lines at once, when one D'Oyly, secretary in the War Office with whom Sackville was going on the weekend, protested that his horses were waiting and urged his lordship proceed at once. The weekend date was kept. The horses were not kept waiting and Howe did not get his instructions—and we are a free and independent nation and the history of the world was changed.

All of which means exactly what it means. Suppose, for example, your mother and father had never met? . . .

## OUR SACRED CONSTITUTION

SEPTEMBER 17th is the 148th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States, and the day has been seized upon by our Tories to utter pious statements upon that sacred document. Indeed, Constitution Day has been set aside as the occasion for an attack all along the line upon all thoughts, all ideas and all political conceptions more recent than 1787. It will be a field day for the Grass Rooters and the reactionaries of all complexions.

Ever since the Senatorial debates participated in by Daniel Webster there has been a tendency to exalt the Constitution as a sacred instrument, only a little less divine than Holy Writ, to criticize which is sacrilege. It has suited our reactionaries to take that position, and today it appears that they are planning to use the Constitution as their major plank in their attempt to win America back to the good old idealism of Hoover, Coolidge and Harding.

And this is as good a time as any to recall that the Constitution grew out of the times in which it was drafted, that a large portion of it is obsolete, and an even larger portion has been set aside by amendments. That at the time it was adopted it was known to be merely a compromise, the best that could be secured in the face of conflicting political and economic interests, and that no one expected that it would be elevated into a sacred document, the core of what has become almost a state religion.

It will come as a surprise to worshipers of the Constitution to learn that the Constitution as adopted by the Convention September 17th, 1787, was merely a set of amendments to an earlier constitution supposed to be still in force, and that when it was put into operation and George Washington elected President, it was—at least technically—*illegally* in operation. Not that these things matter very much, except to give point to the fact that the Constitution was a result of conditions and circumstances of a particular time; that the times were changing rapidly; that when exigencies of the time so required the written constitution of that day was discarded without a tear and without a blast from Grass Rooters of that time.

It is well that the American workers know these facts, in order not to be moved by the lachrymose piety of reactionaries like Borah, for example, who has so often flooded the floor of the Senate chamber with tears for the downtrodden and oppressed, wishing he could do something for them if only the letter of the Constitution permitted.

In 1781 the Articles of Confederation and *Perpetual Union*, commonly referred to then as the Constitution, was adopted and put into operation. Within a short time it was realized that it was an unworkable instrument and that under it there were 13 autonomous nations rather than a unified



state. Especially did the merchants and manufacturers of that time feel the lack of a centralized government and of a unified set of tariff laws, currency legislation and other laws affecting business.

Merchants of Virginia and Maryland met in Mount Vernon in 1785 as guests of General Washington to discuss what could be done to safeguard their own interests. They there decided that a national conference should be held, and through their powerful influence induced a number of state legislatures to send official delegates to a convention that met in Annapolis in 1786; five states were there represented.

The most active delegate was Alexander Hamilton of New York. Under his leadership the convention decided that the time had come "to amend the Constitution (that is, the Articles of Confederation) to render it more adequate to the exigencies of the time." It will be noted that the Articles had been in force only five years, and had already been found obsolete. But the Articles provided that amendments could be proposed only by Congress (The Second Continental Congress then in session) and ratified by *all* the state legislatures.

Hamilton thereupon proposed that all state legislatures elect delegates to a convention to meet in Philadelphia the following May, there to propose amendments to be submitted as suggestions to Congress. If Congress accepted them they were to be referred to the state legislatures. The legislatures elected the delegates, therefore, to draft amendments to make the Constitution "adequate to the exigencies of the time."

When the convention met on May 5th, 1787, General Washington was elected President, and it was promptly voted to hold sessions in secret and to destroy all the records at the close of the sessions. What we know about that convention is from full notes taken for his own use by James Madison, later published by the Government. Only 11 states sent delegates.

The delegates decided at the outset to throw the Articles into the waste basket, and to draw up an entirely new constitution. Thereupon two New York delegates, Yates and Lansing, withdrew, refusing to have anything further to do with the business, and Hamilton spoke and later signed upon behalf of the state. Other delegates, like Luther Martin of Maryland, likewise opposed everything that was done there.

But the main body of delegates, over whom Washington presided with dignity, went to work. Three "plans" were submitted: The "Virginia plan," drawn up by Madison and presented by Edmund Randolph, formed the basis of the Constitution that was finally adopted. Hamilton presented his plan that provided for a thinly distinguished monarchy, and William Patterson of New Jersey likewise presented a plan.

With modifications, largely influenced by Hamilton, the "Virginia plan" was adopted. The Senate was placed outside the influence of "popular passions," the President was removed as far as possible from popular influences, and according to Gouverneur Morris, who as a Committee on Style actually wrote the Constitution, the sections on the Judiciary were made purposely vague.

The Constitution—which, it must be remembered was technically only a set of suggested amendments later to be adopted as its own by Congress—provided that it would be in force as soon as nine states ratified. This was clearly in violation of the provision requiring *unanimous* ratification

of amendments. But no one paid any attention to that; the delegates signed (you can see the original parchment with the 55 signatures in the Library of Congress today), Secretary William Jackson burned the books, minutes and papers, and the document was sent over to Congress.

Then the storm broke. Several states ratified at once; only a threat by the merchants of New York City to secede from the state, organize a new state and ratify independently brought the New York legislature into line, and finally General Washington was elected President of a nation of only 11 states, two having failed to ratify until after his election.

The Constitution as it stands and is worshiped today contains many obsolete provisions, such as provisions regulating the slave trade, the fugitive slave law, a section referring to piracy, and another allotting representatives to slave-holding states by counting all slaves, taking three-fifths of that number and to be added to the number of free people. Further, the provision for the election of the President became obsolete within eight years; and twenty-one amendments have likewise made other sections obsolete.



## IT SHOULD BE A PRIVATE MATTER

ONLY about 120 boys and girls have enrolled for classes in Bible instruction, out of the 12,000 students in two high schools circularized by the Greater New York Interfaith Committee.

It has been a surprise to many people that the project of conducting classes in religion in connection with the school system was met with such emphatic and effective opposition. Indeed, immediately after the first tentative announcement that Regents' credit would be given for classes in Bible study, it was felt that even the announcement had been ill-advised. Especially tactless was the statement of the educational authorities to the effect that a certain percentage of the student body in the public schools is "spiritually illiterate," meaning not affiliated with any organized church.

Immediately protest on the part of representatives of educational bodies, civic organizations and even religious bodies rose to such magnitude that the City Superintendent of Schools dropped the project with great celerity.

And yet all that was proposed was that the classes in Bible study, prepared by the Interfaith Committee, be recruited in the schools and conducted in places outside the school buildings, and that Regents' credits be given for them.

It was felt by the exponents of the plan that there could be no possible objection to organizing the instruction on an interdenominational basis. That because the classes were to be conducted by a committee composed of Catholics, Protestants and Jews, no one could possibly find fault with the plan.

It is our opinion that religion is about the most private matter in the world, and that the State has no business whatever to take any part in religious life, except to protect citizens in absolute freedom of worship. We believe that when a modern enlightened State has furnished such protection to devotees of any faith it has done its full duty. It can do no less. It must do no more.

We believe that by establishing classes in Bible study, or in encouraging them or in giving Regents' credit for them or in any way giving such study official and recognized standing the educational authorities are violating the spirit back of separation of Church and State; and incidentally, doing no good to the cause of religion among a free people.

For some time school children have been allowed a little time off for

religious instruction outside the school. Some teachers merely excuse those children whose parents want them to attend such classes once a week for half an hour. Others have been known to ask their pupils: "What are you, Catholic, Protestant or Jew?" and then to register the pupils' replies; then they send them away once a week. We have heard of one such teacher who insisted that the pupils go off to Bible class, scolding them and saying that they would not go to heaven if they did not go.

In our opinion, that sort of tactics is as offensive as the statement about "spiritual illiteracy," for those who say such things take sides in a religious matter—something that should be intolerable for an agent of the government in a secular State.

The United States was founded on the principle of the separation of Church and State and the absolute liberty of conscience. That is why the Presidential oath prescribed by the Constitution provides that the incoming executive may swear or affirm, as he chooses. Members of all faiths and of no faith have equal civil rights; there are no civil disabilities of any kind.

In Brooklyn there is a large Syrian population, and there are Mohammedan communities not far from the city. The Christian Scientists have many members and many churches, and the Quakers are influential everywhere. The Catholics are most numerous hereabouts, and the Protestants are grouped in many denominations, differing in their forms of worship. Jewish worshippers are organized in Orthodox congregations, Reformed congregations, Free Synagogues. They meet in beautiful temples, in Jewish Centers, in lecture halls, in hotel ballrooms, and often even in empty stores. They differ widely in practice and methods.

And finally there are many thousands—possibly even hundreds of thousands—of people who are either passively non-religious or actively and positively agnostic.

Every one of those groups is entitled to precisely the same deal by the State. It is not written anywhere that all religions are equal before the State but that those who have no religion stand a little lower than those who have. For if such a stand were the official position of the State it would be but a step to choose as between the various religions and to define one as standing a little higher than others. And that would be but a step from the designation of an official religion—which is intolerable to those who uphold the American ideal of a strictly secular State.

Today we read of religious troubles in two countries, where the difficulties arise largely from the fact that there has hitherto been one faith recognized as having higher standing than others.

Indeed in Spain up to the time of the recent revolution no religion was permitted to maintain public houses of worship except the one official faith. And as a result those who exercised freedom of conscience (which is the fundamental basis of the American religious policy) were placed in a highly unfavorable position; and in winning for themselves the rights that are taken as a matter of course in other countries there was necessarily



a good deal of friction, and as a consequence, riots and the burning of churches.

The American way is the right way. No State has a right to decide which faith is the correct one, or that any faith is better than no religious belief whatever. No State has a right to decide that belief in any faith is "moral literacy," or that failure to hold any conventional religious belief or to belong to any recognized sect is in any way to be considered moral obliquity.

The American way, which is now the way of Great Britain, France and other civilized countries, is after all the only sound way. Everybody's religion is the right one—for himself. No one has the right to interfere with the free-est and fullest practice of that religion, or to impose his own or any religion at all on anyone else. That plan, we fervently hope, will be continued by this country and extended in all countries. That is the only solution of a problem that still troubles mankind after centuries of anguish.

## A SHORTER WORKING DAY

DIPPING casually into a recent issue of our favorite periodical, the Congressional Record, we note a speech by an Ohio statesman on the six-hour day, printed as an "extension of remarks."

The speech itself was brief, and we cannot find anything new in it or anything particularly worthy of consideration. But the subject of the speech interests us, especially the fact that there is and has been ever since the industries of the world were struck by a blight a serious discussion of the possibility of establishing a shorter working day as a regular part of the industrial system.

What is involved is not merely a matter of an eight-hour or a seven-hour or a six-hour day. Indeed, as we see it, the actual length of the working day for any one industry, or all industries, is not the main concern of economists. What is involved is the question of how the benefits of modern industrialism are to be spread around for all.

There was a time when employers were bitterly opposed to even a ten-hour day. Indeed, when the modern labor movement got under way under the leadership of Samuel Gompers its slogan was a demand for an eight-hour day; the figure 8 appeared on its banners and transparencies in Labor Day parades, and it was a long time before the eight-hour day was accepted even in principle.

The more reactionary employers were in the habit of saying that if an eight-hour day were established the workers would not know what to do with their time, that they would spend their extra hours in the saloons and in dissipation. Indeed, that argument was used up to the very last moment by certain interests in opposing the efforts of humanitarians to abolish the 84-hour week in steel mills.

Of course, from the standpoint of each individual employer it is a simple problem. Each employer wants to buy cheap and sell dear, to get labor at the lowest possible cost. Individual and separate employers quite properly reject the idea that they are responsible for the welfare of the whole community, and, considering their own interests first they quite properly seek to get all the work they can out of their employees.

No employer of labor, not even the railroads and the great steel companies, employ enough men to be able alone to affect the entire labor situation. If the great railroads and the steel companies were to cut down the working day to six hours or even to five hours they would automatically create jobs for a larger number of men, but still not enough to affect the labor situation in the country as a whole.

The hours-of-labor problem can be settled in only two ways. One of them is in each individual case, by the action of the employees of each



employer, winning the shortest hours and the highest wages possible in each separate and individual case. But in that event the hours won in each case are vitally affected by the hours labored by employees of other firms. If one firm can get employees to work ten hours a day it is at an advantage over competitors whose workers have won an eight-hour day. That situation is acute in the textile industry, where the New England mills must compete with mills located in Southern States where labor legislation is still in a primitive stage.

Still there is a pressing need for some adjustment of the whole matter of hours of labor, a need that cannot be satisfied by individual wrangles in shop after shop, or even industry after industry.

The root of the troubled situation is the fact that labor has become so efficient and effective that distress results. One striking characteristic of the present industrial distress is the fact that people are suffering because there is too much. With millions of men out of work and thousands tramping the streets bumming the price of a cup of coffee, the Brazilian government has found it necessary to dump millions of pounds of coffee into the sea to keep up the price. The over-production of wheat, fruit, cotton, oil and other basic commodities has added to the distress of a situation in which millions of people have lost their jobs, or are in fear of losing their jobs, thus making it impossible for them to buy back the stock of goods they and their fellow-workers have made. And factories are closed and employment is barred to millions because they have piled up such huge stocks of goods that for the moment they cannot be sold to the people who made them and are suffering for want of them.

The difficulty lies largely in the fact that American labor, under efficient direction, has become too efficient. The swift speed with which an Empire State building is erected, the high-pressure efficiency displayed in mass-production of automobiles, the installation of countless labor-saving devices and machines have often done more harm than good.

When labor-saving devices are installed in a household, when a housewife gets the use of a vacuum cleaner, a garbage incinerator, a dish-washing machine or an electric refrigerator it is wholly a benefit, for she is emancipated from drudgery and has more time for herself, her family and her friends. No one ever dreams of discharging a wife because machinery can do her work for her. But millions of men—and the whole country—are suffering today because labor-saving machinery and efficiency in industry have made the labor of millions superfluous.

No one in his right mind suggests that American labor adopt the method of "ca'canny," the slowing-up process deliberately adopted by many British workers at the moment that the introduction of machinery threatened their jobs. No one in his right mind would suggest that labor-saving devices be scrapped because the result of their installation, as things now work out, is distress. No one would restore the hand-loom to create jobs, or go back to hand-set type because the linotype machine is so efficient that many old-time printers lost their jobs when the machine was installed. No one would justify a smashing of the machines, as infuriated English workingmen smashed machines at the beginning of the industrial revolution because they saw in the machine their enemy.

Sane and intelligent people want to see as much labor-saving machin-

ery as possible, as many devices for efficiency, as much mass-production as is possible. But they do not like the idea that such efficiency deprives human beings of their jobs and causes distress instead of rejoicing.

On the theory that a general scaling down of the working day to give work to all would spread the benefits of machinery, would benefit not only industry as a whole but the working people who do the world's work, there is this movement for a radically curtailed working day. If it comes about, and if it is a successful innovation, it will be time enough to discuss what people will do with their new leisure.



## TO RELIEVE DISTRESS

**A**T THE MOMENT that Governor Roosevelt is asking for a fund of \$20,000,000 for unemployment relief in New York State alone, and is suggesting that the State income tax be jacked up 50 per cent to raise the money for his plan, the Brazilian government, alarmed at the fact that there is too much coffee and that the price of coffee is likely to go down has announced that large quantities of the fragrant bean, neatly done up in burlap sacks, are going to be dumped into the turbulent Atlantic.

The people of Brazil, dependent very largely upon the coffee bean for their well-being, feel that when the price of coffee is low they are badly off, but that when the price of coffee is high they will prosper. That the rest of the inmates of this mundane sphere will have to pay the price in higher prices for coffee is a detail that may possibly annoy them, but that is not particularly relevant to them.

The cotton planters of Louisiana, distressed at the fact that the plentitude of cotton has driven down the price of that most necessary commodity, strove to bring pressure to bear upon Hon. Huey Long, the great man who is both United States Senator from that State and its Governor at the same time. The Hon. Huey sent a message to the Legislature, and without a dissenting vote the Legislature passed a resolution looking toward the banning of the planting of cotton for one year, in order that the price might stay up.

This is an improvement over the "buy-a-bale-of-cotton" movement of some years ago, when people were urged to buy cotton in order to burn it. That the buyers and wearers of cotton goods must pay the price is an annoying fact that does not invalidate the plan, at least in the minds of the people who are putting it through.

The State militia of Texas and of Oklahoma, under the command of those two statesmen, Governors the Hon. Ross S. Sterling and the Hon. Alfalfa Bill Murray, who patched up their recent quarrel over bridge tolls for the occasion, was recently sent into the oil fields to stop the flow of oil and limit the output by one million barrels of oil a day.

Oil had been flowing so freely and the market had been so flooded with oil that the price of gas fell to nine cents a gallon, and the oil people have been complaining that the oversupply of the fluid—a boon to automobile owners and others using the by-products of petroleum—is a dire calamity. Hence two States are using their armed forces to keep down the supply of the fluid to keep the prices up.

In the apple regions of the State of Washington and other places millions of apples are rotting on the ground, because to gather them, pack

them and toss them into the markets would depress the price of the fruit and work injury to the apple growers. Hence the finest apples in the world are being fed to hogs.

The overproduction of wheat and the possibility of low prices for this vitally necessary foodstuff has been considered for years as one of the major calamities, and a good deal of the economic thought of the world has been devoted to schemes to keep down the supply of wheat and consequently to keep the prices of this necessity of life as high as possible.

All of these people, coffee-growers, cotton-growers, oil men, apple-growers, wheat farmers among others, are vitally interested in keeping prices up by keeping production down, or even by destroying products already in existence. And sugar-growers, lumbermen, those who nurse cattle along until they become meat, and those engaged in getting out every other conceivable commodity that people need to eat and drink and inhabit and wear feel precisely the same way.

This does not mean that the oil men are cheering the destruction of coffee, nor that the wheat people are deliriously enthusiastic over the fact that cotton is going to be made artificially scarce and costly. The oil men want dear oil—and cheap coffee, cotton, sugar, wheat and apples. The apple men want dear apples—and cheap oil, coffee, sugar, wheat and cotton. The cotton men want dear cotton—and cheap oil, coffee, apples, wheat and sugar.

Meanwhile, there are several million people in genuine distress. The Governor wants to spend \$20,000,000 on them, and plans for the expenditure of sums up to five billions are proposed for the relief of the millions who are facing a terrible winter. Millions of people who have jobs, whose wages have not yet been cut, are nevertheless in anguished fear that they might be the next, or that some members of their families might be tossed out of jobs.

There is too much coffee; there are too much oil and wheat and sugar and cotton and fruit, and too many people who need them and have no money to buy them.

Might it not be suggested that the surplus coffee, instead of being tossed into the ocean, might be given to men tramping the streets who will be cold and hungry in the winter? That the apples be fed to unemployed instead of to the hogs? That the cotton be employed to clothe people who are in distress rather than burned or forcibly kept from growing?

Such a plan sounds like charity; but the men who have no jobs are too often compelled to depend upon some form of charity anyway. And such a plan might easily employ hundreds, even thousands of unemployed men in administering a far-reaching plan like this—who could be paid out of the huge sums being raised for relief. And such a plan, merely salvaging perfectly good stuff from being converted into garbage, might easily be the push that will start the ball of industry rolling again.

It may sound fantastic to propose this sort of salvaging but it is even more fantastic that in a period when millions are facing the future with cold fear gripping their hearts that they may not have enough to live on,



industries, States and nations are systematically setting out to destroy things because there are too many of the things that make life possible!

It is merely suggested that some control be made; it is merely suggested that industry be treated as one single whole, that the interests of producers and consumers, coffee-growers and button-hole makers, oil men and apple men be considered as one—which they are.

The only alternative is to consider the world made up of little separate groups, each hostile to every other. And the result looks a little insane.

## SLASHING WAGES

THE United States Steel Corporation has announced a wage-cut of ten per cent, effective October 1st, affecting close to a quarter of a million employees. Bethlehem Steel will follow suit on the same day, with a similar "downward revision" (as the industrialists like to call wage-cuts) affecting 50,000 men, and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company has ordered a corresponding cut. The General Motors announces a "readjustment" effective the same day, ranging from 10 to 20 per cent. Still other cuts are being announced almost hourly.

These corporations are not corner peanut peddlers trying to make ends meet, cutting wages as a means to avert bankruptcy. They do business measured in billions, and during the war and the boom times that followed, the profits of the first three were measured in hundreds of millions annually. They also shared in the generosity of the Treasury some years ago when many millions were passed out in income tax refunds.

Business may not be so very good at the moment, but by no stretch of the imagination can those corporations be considered in actual need of the sums of money to be saved by the "downward revisions" and "readjustments in the compensation of salaried employees" to keep afloat and their managers from the poorhouse.

As we see it, these wage-cuts are to be considered as the establishment of a policy. For a long time there has been discussion of the possibility of a general lowering of wage standards. It has been held by many people that the wage levels won by labor unions to meet the rising cost of living in the boom ("easy-come-easy-go") years after the war are too high for depression times. Of course, when prices began going up wage increases had to be fought for bitterly, often at the cost of bloodshed. There was no such easy assumption by industrialists that wages would have to be "revised" and "adjusted" upward as there is now that they must be "revised" and "adjusted" downward.

Many financial commentators, discussing the long-drawn-out British crisis, maintain that the prime reason for Britain's woe is that the unions have refused to budge from their defense of wage scales won during and after the war when prices were sky-rocketing and the value of money was cut in half, or worse. They have held that wages must fall, like all other costs, that labor must take its share of readjustment to new conditions, or even normal times.

All this is perfectly sound, if one accepts the point of view upon which it is based. But before accepting the necessity of a general wage reduction one must agree upon certain definitions.



First and most important, in our opinion, is the answer to one most important question: What is the purpose of industry? What is the objective of those who carry it on?

The object of industrial statesmanship is either to carry on industry for its own sake, or it is to create as much happiness as possible.

If the first is correct it may be likened to war. There is every humane desire to make the soldiers comfortable and feed them properly, to keep them contented and dry and amused. But the prime objective of waging war is to win, and soldiers understand that they are but pawns to be tossed into a fiery furnace, there to face fire and flame, bursting shells and clouds of poison gas. Human beings only incidentally, their main purpose is to fight and win regardless of the cost to themselves.

If that is to be the accepted objective of industry, then no one has a right to object to movements toward wage reductions. If a bull-market level of wages is bad for an industry it should be scaled down. If industrial statesmanship finds that a nation whose laboring classes insist upon maintaining a high standard of living gets into financial difficulties it is right and proper that adjustments be made in that standard of living in order that the nation's finances should not suffer—instead of adjusting finances and industry to keep them up.

But scaling down wage levels, moving toward a lower standard of living, is wrong if that conception be rejected.

There is the opposite point of view, according to which industry and finance and government should have as their objective the creation of the greatest possible amount of human happiness, in which industry is a means, not an end in itself.

The question may be put this way: Are payments of wages to be considered merely as operating expenses, to be kept down to the lowest possible level? Technically wages paid to labor are in the same category as prices paid for land and material and supplies, which in times of distress everyone cuts to the bone.

If the object of industrial statesmanship is merely to keep industry going, then that's all right and wages should be slashed and the standard of living lowered, as part of the general movement toward economy. But to those who think in other terms wages for labor are not in the same category as the cost of wrapping paper and electric bills and rents. Wages, it is held, represent human welfare, the only means by which men can live, and the higher the wages the better off the nation.

As national welfare depends directly upon the welfare of the people, industrial statesmen must think in terms, not of their balance sheets but of the welfare of the entire nation.

It is bad for the standard of living to slip. It is bad for masses, having once tasted decent living, electric lights, possibly a car, radios, some domestic comforts, to have those sweets snatched from them just when they have learned what they mean.

It is not fair to tell the English people that because the king surrenders \$250,000 a year out of his several millions, the cotton-mill worker, already

living on the edge of starvation, must likewise sacrifice one-tenth or one-fourth of his income. It is not the same sacrifice for both of them. And it is not fair to snatch away from several hundred thousand steel workers ten per cent of their never-too-great wages just when they had commenced to live lives above the lowest slum-level just because their employers are not now making the vast profits, measured in billions, that they once made. Humanity comes before stock prices.

So runs the argument of those who believe that these wage-cuts are forerunners of a nation-wide and world-wide attempt on the part of employers to cut living standards.

Labor, they say, has officially been declared not to be a commodity. Those whose wages have been treated as if they are but so many bookkeeping items, are human beings no less than the families of those who order the wage slashes and whose standard of living is not affected in the slightest.

So run the two conflicting arguments.



## THE LIBRARY

**B**ROOKLYN is a great city in itself, with a population of close to three million people. Despite the fact that in its administration it is part of a larger city it has everything a great city should have; theatres, its own newspapers, colleges, hospitals, museums, art galleries—everything. That is, nearly everything.

In but one thing does Brooklyn lag, and that is in the fact that of all the great urban communities in the United States it is without a library. Of course there is the archaic and hopelessly inadequate Central Library on Montague street, and the many excellent branches of the Brooklyn Public Library in various neighborhoods. Of course, there is the very fine library maintained by Pratt Institute on Ryerson street, and there are smaller libraries in the various colleges and in the learned societies. But they are not enough.

The Brooklyn Public Library exists in the form of an uncompleted set of walls, standing as a reproach and a challenge at the entrance to Prospect Park.

It is hard to tell why the Brooklyn Public Library is unfinished. Among the three million people of Brooklyn there is at least as large a proportion of men and women who care for such things as libraries as in any other community in the country.

Such things, alas, happen by pure chance. It just happened that conditions were propitious for the building of the great New York Public Library at the time that the Astor, the Lenox and the Tilden Foundations were merged, and the result was the magnificent library at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street. It just happens that our library is unfinished.

Schools and even colleges are almost a routine matter. When they are needed money is appropriated for them and they are built. But there is no law, like that providing for compulsory education, that makes the building of a library compulsory; and so it happens that the Central Library in Brooklyn is an orphan of the city, standing uncompleted where the largest possible number of people pass by and wonder if we are a community of illiterates.

We are not, of course; but it appears that we are the victims of an almost incurable inertia. There is plenty of money available for such purposes in the city treasury, and the ten million dollars required to complete the library can easily be appropriated. The annual increase in the city's budget is many times that sum. The money is not appropriated, we are convinced, simply because the proper authorities have not got around to it.

The Borough President is seeking an appropriation of \$9,250,000 to continue the work now rapidly petering out, and to push it to completion.

The Flatbush avenue wing, facing the park, has been partially completed; indeed, it has been completed twice. Several years ago, when the

front walls were finished in marble a change of plans called for the removal of the marble and the rebuilding of the walls with Indiana limestone. Let us hope no one thinks they need granite or onyx.

And that is about all, and if more money is not appropriated at once a number of men will be thrown out of work, and the unfinished building will stand as a monument to inertia or laziness on the part of a great community so great that it is almost unbelievable.

The project for a great central library building goes back thirty-two years. In April, 1899, the Brooklyn Park Commission was delegated to recommend to the Legislature a site for a suitable central library. It was not until thirteen years later, June 5, 1912, that ground was at last broken. That was over nineteen years ago, and not a single book has found shelter in the building, not a man or woman has walked its cool marble corridors.

The site, after six years of delay, was selected in 1905. A year later the first appropriation of \$25,000 was made, and in the same year a study was made of library buildings at home and abroad, in order that when the building was finally completed Brooklyn might have the benefit of the experience of all other communities, the world over.

The plans were submitted in 1907, and the first estimate of cost was fixed at \$4,810,000 in 1908; later estimates, due to enlarged plans and increasing costs of materials and higher standards of living for workers, have gone to \$11,000,000, \$13,000,000 and even \$14,000,000.

Up to 1925 only \$825,000 had been expended on the project, and in November, 1928, the city appropriated \$1,100,000 more; the work that is going on now is on what is left of that appropriation. And there the matter rests for want of any more money.

And it is a great pity. It is, of course, a pity to see anything started and not carried through. And it is a pity to see work abandoned at a time when the men at work will find it hard to find other work. But the pity of it goes very much deeper.

A library is more than a collection of books housed in a fine marble building. It is more than stacks and catalogues and bound volumes of publications. It is more than a staff of skilled librarians and trained scholars and fine pictures and sculptures.

A library is a symbol of the fact that a community is cultured and civilized. And by the care of a community for its library, the money it spends upon it, the pride it has in it one may measure the measure of true civilization that a community has reached.

Books are more than romances, novels, poems; books are, in a real sense, the means by which we can unlock the past and the future. When the great library of Alexandria burned a man ran to Julius Caesar and said, "There burns the memory of mankind!" "Let it burn," said Caesar. "It is a shameful memory."

But it is more than that. The memory of mankind teaches us how to avoid the pitfalls of the past, to meet the problems of the future. The memory of mankind is a light to guide the feet toward what is coming.

Libraries are monuments erected by communities to their own sense of human dignity. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before Brooklyn will have completed that monument to itself.



## PLACID WAYS

## Bermuda

IT WAS in 1610 that an Englishman first set foot on these islands. Sir George Somers, with desperately needed supplies for the starving colonists in Jamestown, was wrecked on what is now St. George Island, and there he spent the winter with his men, enchanted by the beauty he found here.

In the spring Sir George built himself an open vessel with the wood of the cedars so abundant here, and, naming it the Deliverance, set out for Jamestown, about 600 miles away, with food and good cheer and the companionship of men who had come through the joys of a winter in what they described as paradise to sustain them to further efforts.

Sir George himself was so enchanted with the place that he built a settlement on the island he had found, and there he died, a year later, and there, according to a quaint old custom of that time, his heart is buried in Somers Gardens, while the balance of him was interred in his native Dorsetshire. One can visit the grave of his heart today at St. George's if one cares to.

Out of the episode of the shipwreck of the men bringing blessed relief to the starving pioneers of Jamestown comes the Bermuda colony of today. But Sir George had not been the first man to touch on its coral strand, for nearly a century before the Spaniard, Juan de Bermudez, had lighted here.

But the British, calling the place the Somers Island, took possession and all the Spaniards got for their pains was the doubtful pleasure of knowing that the islands are now known by the name of the Spaniard who first came here in 1515.

Within a year or two after Sir George's discovery came to be known in England, some of the wonders of the coral beaches and caves beaten in the living structure of the island by the stormy waters were told to those who were close to the throne, and one of the men close to the Scottish king who was ruling over England was an Englishman from the midlands who was assigned by those at court who had charge of such things to the task of writing plays glorifying the king.

The man had been an actor in his day, and then had turned his deft hand to adapting plays crudely written by others so that they would be fit to be seen on the London stage. He was now a man who knew the stage and he had the knack of writing plays that somehow sang with the melody of immortality. When the London audiences heard the actors of that day chant his stately dialogues, speak the deeply moving soliloquies and sing the lilting music of the lines of the plays writ by Will Shakespeare they somehow felt they were listening to literature that would live as long as their language and as the memory of the deeds of those Englishmen whom Will Shakespeare delighted to honor.

This Shakespeare of the stage and of the court of King James heard

tales of the "Ill vexed Bermoothes" and of the fairyland Sir George and his men had found there. He had no play under contract at the moment, no assignment to predict the glory of the dour Scots king and his House of Stuart, such as with tongue in cheek and roguish private smile he had just completed in "Macbeth."

Will Shakespeare was in full flower of his great powers and he was nearing the end of his glorious life, although he could not know that. His mind and heart and soul were dripping with sweetness and ineffable beauty, and inspired by the tales he had heard of the Somers Islands, or of the "Vexed Bermoothes," he set down in deathless prose and ever-living verse "The Tempest," his noblest song of beauty, possibly his greatest play; certainly the play that contains his most beautiful poetry and his most magnificent imagery.

In "The Tempest" Shakespeare has Ferdinand sing to his dead father: "Full fathom deep thy father lies:

Of his bones are coral made." . . .

and how on earth Shakespeare knew about the coral basis of these islands passeth understanding.

But we find that we are straying from the beauties and the ineffable charm of Bermuda to the greater, the more robust beauties of Shakespeare, which after all have nothing to do with this travelogue. Except that there is a cave here called Prospero's cave and that most natives know that Shakespeare immortalized their island paradise, although he knew nothing whatever about it.

Caliban's Cave is not one of the crystal caves that are on the menu of most tourists who can spare a little time from bathing—or whatever it is that brings them here. The caves are like so many in other parts of the world, but no matter, they are a marvel of nature. It is easy to describe them, and we have plenty of them in our own country, but the Crystal Cave here has marvels of its own. It is filled with water to a depth of 40 or 50 feet. The water is salt, it is not stagnant, it rises and falls with the tide and there are no fish or any other animal life, and how the water gets in has thus far eluded investigators. In the winter there are gay midnight swimming parties in it from town and hotel.

Most Americans, however, consider it one of the "What of it?" variety of marvels, something for the scientists to worry over, but why should we? Let's not hear any more about them.

There's also a place called the Devil's Hole where you can catch a lot of fish, and there's an aquarium where you can see strange, curious, horrible and most unbelievable creatures that inhabit the deeps.

But we have an aquarium back home, so why talk about that, either?

After all, Will Shakespeare was right. He never even got here, and he knew nothing about Gibbs' Hill Lighthouse and the aquarium. He did not even know from personal knowledge the charm and beauty and restfulness and peace that are found here in a land in the midst of the sea, but he sensed it from the tales of the adventurers who went back home, and that spirit of ethereal fairyland that he caught as if by magic is what we have found here and that is the memory we are taking home with us tomorrow.



## LORDS OF THE UNIVERSE

"GRACIOUS!" said the man as he swabbed his streaming brow, "what fools women are! Here they go and wear the craziest kind of clothes just because somebody in Paris tells them to. Where the devil is my collar button? I have to go across the street and I can't go out looking like a bum, can I?" Or maybe it wasn't "gracious" that he said.

The other day we sat in a theatre seat and gazed goggle-eyed at a scene purporting to be a fashion parade. A procession of ravishing females slinked—or is it slank?—snakily across the stage with that utterly aristocratic hauteur possible only to the American showgal, displaying gowns that fairly took the breath away. It appears that every one had been doing a good deal of bathing, for the sun tan on the back was clearly visible, and the gown—if that is the right word (will the proper authorities correct us if we are wrong?)—seemed in every case to consist merely of a coat of paint over a part of the form.

Arms were bare, shoulders were bare, backs were exposed to the electric fan, and it was perfectly manifest that the audience saw practically all the ladies had on—well, nearly all.

Each garment, however, although exactly like every other garment, was entirely different from every other one, and the dress buyers or whatever it was the men standing around were supposed to represent, carefully noted each one and discussed its points and considered the furore it would make in the Bon Ton or the Dresse Shoppe back in Wichita.

"Wotta lotta dumb driven cattle women are," the men reflected as they nearly expired in the furnace-heat of the theatre, "to wear whatever some clever guy in Paris makes them think they have got to wear. Why, all the gals who see these styles think they'll die if they don't get them right away." And they were right.

It was absolutely stifling. Not a breath of air was stirring. Men felt their clothes becoming wringing wet, they choked on their collars, they felt that their belts would strangle them. Their legs were feverish with heat kept in by their cloth pants. We know whereof we speak for we were there.

Everywhere in the theatre padded cloth shoulders of men's coats touched the bare shoulders of women, the cloth sleeves of men touched the bare arms of their women companions.

As the men walked out between the acts for a blessed whiff of ozone or of nicotine, each one swabbed his brow and saw in front of him women clad in wisps of chiffon waving in the almost imperceptible breeze, with arms bare to the shoulders, and (he knew from what he had just

seen on the stage) very little more on than he could see. And to prove that women are creatures of style, the very girls who could give the men the merry ha-ha for being compelled to wear heavy clothes seemed to think they would die of shame if they exposed their naked hands—hence the white gloves to even up the lunacies.

If a man, unable to endure the agony any longer were to take off his coat he would be approached by a ladylike usheress with the information that such brazenness was not permitted in a decent theatre.

What we are getting at is the hope that some day there will be a general agreement that men are quite insane to wear what they are told to wear in the summer.

Women are slaves to style. Men have been laughing with tender and affectionate condescension at women for a long time. When the style ordered short skirts fifty million knee caps sprang into view. When the style "decreed" (that, we believe, is the correct word) cloche hats fifty million heads wore the same hats year after year until somebody could dope out a new style. When the style czars ordered the long skirt there was revolt for a while but after some grumbling of insubordination down went the hem of the skirts again.

But one thing must be said with all the perspiring emphasis at the command of a suffering male—the women may be slaves to style but the styles they are slaves to do not compel them to wear clothes that are an outrage and an agony as the men do.

There is, of course, a comic aspect to the situation, but there is a serious side as well. It is comical to see the contrast between the hot, steaming, insane clothes men wear in the summer, and the light, fluffy garments that quite satisfy the girls as to style and modesty. But it is exasperating to see men, the noble lords of creation, act like so many sheep in the matter of clothing—or like so many idiots.

It may be that women are too much concerned with such things, that the cut, the color, the material, the precise mode of the garments they wear play too much of a role in their lives. But it is also true that men are governed by iron rules, too, that it appears cannot be broken either, and when one contrasts the modish garments of women and of men, there are plenty of laughs for the women.

There has been, indeed, some progress in recent years. The almost universal use of the soft shirt and collar, the almost complete disappearance of the hard-boiled shirt, the iron hat, and old-fashioned long underwear, the general discarding of vest in the summer, are signs of some slight awakening.

Even the rapid disappearance of the hat in the summer is a sign that men will not wear what they are told to if they don't want to.

But despite all that men are still enslaved to the main tyranny of clothes. Can any person in his right mind explain why man must wear coats in the summer? (except, of course, to have pockets to fill up with pencils, unpaid bills, speakeasy cards and unanswered letters). Can any man explain why women may cover their forms with light and airy chiffon, can expose their legs—either bare or clothed in the filmiest fabric—



to the air without criticism, while men must wear trousers of heavy material, bound in at the waist with belts? Why a man is considered a freak if he wears his collar open at the throat? Why a man would not be allowed in an athletic undershirt on a street car full of women with arms bare to the clavicle and the scapula?

To wear mohair and other lightweight fabric is a mere cowardly evasion of the issue. To start a fad for shorts, pajamas, bathing suits or other abbreviated garments is to get oneself singled out as a freak. And yet reform is urgently needed.

Can anyone suggest a way of combating this lunacy without violating the canons of aesthetic good taste and getting oneself jailed as a freak or jugged as a crank? Such a one will win the adoring admiration of a suffering world.

## SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER

AS, by the way, who isn't?

It used to be said that the weather was the safest topic of conversation for people fencing for an opening before clinching in conversation in a serious way. The foregoing, it appears to us upon re-reading, is a sentence quite addled with metaphors hopelessly mixed, but if you charge it up to the weather not only will the sentence become at least partially intelligible, but it may also serve as an object lesson for the sermon we are about to preach.

To resume consideration of the weather, it can no longer be said that it is a topic for conversation so safe that it can lead only to pleasant amenities, or at least to no harm.

It is, of course, true that beautiful and lasting friendships are built on casual meetings that begin with a discussion of the weather.

Two men meet in an elevator of their apartment house. One lives on the seventeenth floor, the other on the nineteenth. They nod, for they have seen each other before, although neither has the slightest idea who the other is—nor does he particularly care. But having seen each other before they must nod, and having nodded, they must keep up the pretense that they are friendly acquaintances. For to admit the truth that they have no possible interest in each other is, we believe, considered a violation of the penal code or the Corpus Juris Civilis by real red-blooded American citizens.

The friendly nod having been made inevitable when they caught each other's eyes, they must, of course, keep it up for the long, dreary ride to the Alpine heights in which they live.

They don't even know each others' names, they don't know whether their wives are acquainted, they don't know each other's business, neither is sure whether or not the attractive blonde matron he has been trying to become acquainted with is the wife of the other. Everything is blank. You know how it is; that is, if you live in an apartment house.

But not to say anything is un-American. Hence they start. And what is it they can start with? Why, the weather; (Silly not to have thought of that before).

"Nice day we're having?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. Only I think we may have a thunderstorm before long. That is, if we don't get an earthquake first."

"Surest thing you know. You know, I always say to Mrs. Ummmmh [all names sound like that when you're spraining your ear trying to catch



it without the un-American discourtesy of saying, 'Oh, by the way, old top, what the 'ell did you say your name is?'] that we always have an earthquake this time of the year. That is, unless it snows before Whoop-suntide."

And so on, nice and snappy and sappy and friendly and he-blooded red-man sort of stuff, until at last the seventeenth floor is reached and Mr. Ummmmmh alights to the sigh of genuine relief heaved by his fellow-traveler. And that, he figures to himself, is that.

But it usually is not. Life being what it is, he usually meets Mr. Ummmmmmh the very next day, and having been so friendly before they start off way ahead of scratch like old pals. That is, they start off like a couple of nice, friendly chaps who have much in common. But in bitter truth, they have nothing whatever in common except the fact that they had killed two unendurable and endless minutes the day before talking about the weather.

Now, what an earth can they talk about when they meet again? Why, the weather, of course!

Some day one man is going to be with his wife when he meets the other, and then there will be embarrassment when the necessary introductions have to be made. For neither knows the other's name.

Life is just full of pitfalls like that, but generally speaking the casual conversation about the weather during the elevator ascension lays a firm foundation for the sort of friendship that endures forever. And whenever the two men meet they will continue talking about the weather, for as time goes on they will find they have nothing whatever in common except the fact that they talk about the weather whenever they meet. If they started any other subject they might find that neither knows enough about anything the other may be interested in to carry on a conversation to the third floor, let alone the seventeenth. No, the weather is safest, after all.

Thus it is proven that conversation about the weather contributes to beautiful friendships.

But not always. There are times when there is no unanimity, when differences about the weather may enter the realm of angry disagreement rather than more polite chit-chat.

For example, there was the time a French politician sought the suffrages of his constituents for the *Chambre des Deputes*. His district included country and city, village and farmland, and he promised his beloved people that if elected he would give them whatever weather they wanted.

But he found soon enough that there was no rain—at the proper time, of course—while the city dwellers wanted sunshine, and they didn't care whether or not the reservoirs ran dry. The politician retired from public life, but he had no longer a subject to be trifled with.

There was also the man who was walking home in a raging winter storm. It was one of those cold, raw days with a penetrating wind that froze the very marrow of one's bones, with a cold sleet that made the sidewalks gelid, with cold rain that slid down the back of the neck and caused

the trouser legs to hang about the limbs, cold and clammy, with shoes squishing in the wet, with every creator-condemned device to make life utterly unsupportable going at full blast.

"This weather," said the man to himself, "is what makes Bolsheviks."

And when it is hot and muggy, when the shirt adheres to the body even closer than a close friend, when the electric fan contributes nothing in the way of relief other than a monotonous, unbearable whine, when the infrequent breeze merely stirs the leaves for a moment and then leaves the world even hotter and more breathless than before, when one cannot sleep and cannot work, when the sun glares down and the streets toss back the rays of the sun, when frequent baths and libations of ice water merely aggravate the agony—then if any of the parishioners wants a good sock in the eye let him step up and ask what we think of the weather. (Although when this appears in type it will probably find the congregation enjoying lovely, crisp weather).



## MARK TWAIN THE REVOLUTIONARY

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, known and loved by all the world as Mark Twain, was born in a shabby wooden house in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835, and the whole world is today commemorating his life and his works upon the occasion of his centenary.

Much will be said and written about Mark Twain's humor and his character, about his fidelity to truth and his personal manliness and honor, and much of it will be true.

But there is one phase of Mark Twain's work and character that will be scarcely touched upon in these celebrations, a side of the man hardly known to the vast public, and a side with which most of those who are officially celebrating him today have little sympathy.

For in a certain measure Mark Twain was a revolutionary. He did not have a clearly defined philosophy, but as a human being he was at war with many of the frauds and shams, and all of the cruelty of his time. The boy Sam Clemens grew up in Hannibal, Missouri—known to all lovers of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn as St. Petersburg—a "loafing, out-at-the-elbows, down-at-the-heels slave-holding Mississippi river town," as Howells described it. He was a creature of his environment, but like all truly great men he rose above it.

Huck Finn had aided the Negro slave Jim to escape, not knowing Jim's owner had manumitted him (nor did Jim know it). In the morality of a slave-holding community aiding a slave to escape was the cardinal sin, the seriousness of which cannot be comprehended by anyone not born and raised in a slave-holding environment. Huck knew that he was committing such a sin, but his humanity bound him to his friend, the kindly, human Negro. He spent a whole night wrestling with his conscience, fully believing that if he did not turn Jim over to his owner he would surely go to hell. And then as the dawn broke over the still waters of the great river he made his decision: "All right then, I *will* go to hell," and so he stood by his friend.

Mark Twain was like that; he wrestled with his soul, and even when he was certain that an honest opinion would outrage all the currently held moralities he voted to be true to himself; that is, except upon one occasion when he refused to stand by Maxim Gorky . . . but we will come to that incident presently.

As a young man Sam Clemens fought in the Confederate army. Perhaps the word "fought" is too strong, as any one will agree who has read "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed." At any rate he was a second lieutenant in a Rebel outfit (there was no first lieutenant—Mark never knew why), he was captured and paroled, and he broke his parole.

Hence, he was subject to shooting upon capture by any soldier under the command of a certain Colonel U. S. Grant then operating in southern Missouri and Illinois. Later in life he felt deeply that he had borne arms in defense of human slavery, and he sought to expiate his offense by a gentle attitude toward all Negroes. It frequently happened that he was invited to address a church, and such invitations aroused him to bursts of sulphurous profanity; he did not like the church and he detested ministers (except his close friend, Joe Twitchell). But whenever it was pointed out to him that a request came from a Negro church he instantly became gentle, and always acceded. Thus, he felt, he made good the crime he had committed by bearing arms in the cause of the enslavement of the black man.

Similarly, he paid the way of a Negro student, whom he never met, through Yale. "It was quite enough he was a Negro." He did it "as his part of the reparation due from every white man to every black man."

Mark Twain believed in human dignity and in democracy, as those who read his books with more than the surface of their minds know. "The Prince and the Pauper," "A Connecticut Yankee" and "Pudd'n-head Wilson" are more than magnificent stories; they are treatises on human equality and blasts against man-made inequalities. Even in his minor stories there can be found caustic criticism of the evils that man has imposed upon man; for example, the little known story, "The Great Revolution in Pitcairn," in which he tells an imaginary story of the establishment (by an American) of a monarchy in the lonely isle settled by the famous "Bounty" mutineers and in which, by means of ridicule, he blazes away at the evils of dictatorial government.

Likewise, also, in his delightful essay, "My First Lie, and How I Got Out of It," he remarks upon the complacency of peoples in the face of grievous wrongs in words that bear re-reading today.

In his mellow years, when he was famous, rich and well-beloved, Mark Twain's mind turned inward and he began to reflect upon the meanings of things. And it was in this period, the last ten years of his life, that he wrote some of the most blistering attacks ever penned upon what Jack London called our "dear moralities," and expressed himself most vehemently upon war and peace, government and imperialism, and upon the hypocrisies that support those things.

Much of this was not published in his lifetime; indeed, his most thoughtful book, "The Mysterious Stranger," did not appear until five years after his death, while other blasts are buried and unindexed in his biography and in fugitive papers; there is much still in manuscript. It has become conventional to say that his wife edited the manliness out of him; that may be true, and it may also be true that close friends also prevailed upon him to suppress much of this material—although much of it did find its way into print. It is however, true that these things expressed the feelings that he is known to have had and that in them the real Mark Twain is revealed.

A deeply patriotic American, he was bitterly ashamed of the imperialistic adventure in the Philippines, and he loathed and publicly protested against the "manifest destiny" that brought us into the Islands as a competitor in imperialism with Great Britain. Indeed, in 1901 he wrote "To the Person Sitting in Darkness" a blazing criticism of our Philippine adven-



ture; published in the North American Review. It is not found in his collected works and to find it the reader must search the old files of that defunct magazine.

It was at about that time that Mark Twain realized to the full the meaning of Czarism, of the Belgian barbarities in the Congo and of the British conquest of the two Republics in South Africa. In "Following the Equator" he pays his respects to the Jameson Raid, the prelude to that British adventure, and he wrote out his heart in denunciation of King Leopold II for his hideous mistreatment of the natives of Central Africa. What he wrote to Nicholas II is worth re-reading today; and when the first revolution came he was happy.

In 1905 and 1906 a stream of Russians journeyed to the United States, seeking material aid for the Revolution. Among them was the revered Nicholas Tschaikovsky, and when he came to New York Mark Twain met him and was glad to join the committee that arranged his big meeting in the Grand Central Palace. It was a memorable occasion that no one who was present will ever forget. Dr. S. Ingerman was chairman, and before Tschaikovsky spoke he read a letter from the great American, who was unable to attend.

Mark Twain wrote to Tschaikovsky:

"My sympathies are with the Russian revolution, of course. It goes without saying. I hope it will succeed, and now that I have talked with you I take heart to believe it will. Government by falsified promises, by lies, by treacheries and by the butcher knife for the aggrandizement of a single family of drones and its idle and vicious kin has been borne quite long enough in Russia, I should think, and it is to be hoped that the roused nation, now rising in its strength, will presently put an end to it and set up the Republic in its place. Some of us, even the white-headed, may live to see the blessed day when Czars and grand dukes will be as scarce there as I trust they are in heaven."

How we all cheered when that letter was read! How we were moved, that long-vanished day more than twenty-nine years ago, to believe that we would live to see that day when Russia would at last be free!

But there was a shabby denouement to the Tschaikovsky episode. Maxim Gorky came over a few weeks later and Mark Twain, the gentle William Dean Howells, and many other distinguished literary men, gladly enrolled themselves as members of a committee to sponsor a great public dinner for him. But Gorky made two mistakes: he agreed to write articles for the Hearst press, and the wife he came over with was not really his wife. That is, he had long before been separated from the wife he had married in early youth, and unable to get a divorce under the rigid laws of Czarist Russia he lived with the woman who would have been his wife under any sort of law but that of the Russia of 1906. The New York World, angered that its rival had signed Gorky up to write for its columns, "exposed" the novelist; one of New York's comical spasms of virtue ensued, one hotel after another refused to house the couple, and Howells and Mark Twain withdrew from the sponsoring committee, together with most of the other

members; only Professor Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia—and then also of the Rand School—of all the big names, stuck by him. Howells' action was surprising, for he was a Socialist; Mark Twain expressed himself vigorously: "Laws may be evaded and punishment escaped, but an openly transgressed custom brings sure punishment. The penalty may be unfair, unrighteous, illogical, and a cruelty; no matter, it will be inflicted just the same. Certainly, then, there can be just one wise thing for a visiting stranger to do—find out what the country's customs are and refrain from offending against them."

To Dan Beard he said, "Gorky made an awful mistake, Dan. He might as well have come over here in his shirt tail."

Mark despised those who hounded and persecuted Gorky; but he was not quite big enough to come out publicly by the side of Giddings and stand by his guns against the pseudo-morality he detested so much in his heart.

Mark loved glamor, and he adored being made much of by those considered great; to him the friendship of Carnegie, of H. H. Rogers, of Kaiser Wilhelm, of General U. S. Grant and his son, General Fred D. Grant, meant much. It was Tom Sawyer again reveling in praise. But he saw through the fraud of the "greatness" of most "great" men, and dipping his pen in vitriol he wrote down some of the most searing thoughts ever penned on war and imperialism—and then did not publish them in his lifetime.

For example, writing in "The Mysterious Stranger" about how aggressive wars are made:

"There has never been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances.

"The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will, warily and cautiously, object—at first; the great big dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war and will say earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it.'

"Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will shout them and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity.

"Before long you will see this curious thing; the speakers stoned from the platform and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so.

"And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war cry and shout itself hoarse and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth, and presently such mouths will cease to open.

"Next, the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked and every man will be glad of these conscience-soothing falsities and will diligently study them and refuse to examine any refuta-



tions of them, and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

(It must be emphasized that Mark Twain was not speaking of Eugene V. Debs and Morris Hillquit and the Socialist Party in 1917 and 1918—although it might seem so from reading these words—for he died in 1910.)

In the early days of the twentieth century the Great Powers were engaged in a number of imperialist adventures; Great Britain was extinguishing the independent Boer republics in South Africa. America was employing the questionable talents of Leonard Wood in crushing the Filipinos and the united western Powers were marching on Peking to crush the Boxer rebellion. Mark Twain thereupon wrote (and did not publish) for New Year's Eve, 1900:

#### A Greeting from the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century

"I bring you a stately nation named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored, from pirate raids in Kiaou-Chow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. *Give her soap and towel, but hide the looking glass.*"

There followed a year later "The Stupendous Procession," covering twenty-two typewritten pages, but which has never been published. It describes "the Twentieth Century" as "a fair young creature, drunk and disorderly, borne in the arms of Satan. Banner with motto 'Get what you can; keep what you get'."

The "Guard of Honor" consisted of "Monarchs, Presidents, Tammany bosses, Burglars, Land thieves, Convicts, etc."

"Christendom" was described as "A majestic matron in flowing robes drenched in blood. On her head a golden crown of thorns; impaled on its spines the bleeding heads of patriots who died for their countries: Boers, Boxers, Filipinos. In one hand a sling-shot, in the other a Bible open at the text 'Do unto others.' Protruding from a pocket a bottle labeled 'We bring you the blessings of civilization.' Necklace—handcuffs and a burglar's jimmy." The ensign was the black flag. "Guard of honor—Missionaries and German, French, Russian and British soldiers laden with loot."

And so on, a section for each country with symbols of its territorial aggrandizement, with black flags and instruments of torture, mutilated prisoners, broken hearts, bloody corpses. At the end a banner, "*All White Men Are Born Free and Equal.*"

*Christ died to make men holy.*

*Christ died to make men free.*

There was an American flag furled and draped in crepe, with the looming shade of Lincoln brooding over the sad spectacle.

In 1905, Mark Twain wrote (and did not publish) the War Prayer, sections of which appear from time to time in the press. The whole story of the War Prayer is scarcely known even to lovers of Mark Twain and it is here presented as a contribution to the current centenary celebration.

There is a picture of young recruits about to march away to war, the excitement and enthusiasm, the flag waving and the music and cheers and the magnificent ceremony in the cathedral when the minister of God blesses the colors and utters the final invocation:

*God the all-terrible, Thou Who ordainest,  
Thunder, Thy clarion and lightning Thy Sword!  
And a "long prayer" for victory.*

As the prayer is ended a white-robed stranger enters the church, moves up the aisle, takes the preacher's pulpit and addresses the hushed throng:

"I come from the Throne," he says after an impressive pause, "bearing a message from Almighty God. He has heard the prayer of His servant, your shepherd, and will grant it if such shall be your desire after I, His messenger, have explained its full import."

The Messenger goes on to explain that the prayer for victory was but the spoken part of the prayer. The unspoken part was what God had commissioned "His servants" to utter and if they still desired the victory it would be theirs. "Upon the listening spirit of God the Father fell also the unspoken part of the prayer. He commanded me to put it into words. Listen!

*"Oh, Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle. Be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe.*

*"Oh, Lord, our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shell. Be Thou near them! Help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with the hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended over wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun-flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee.*

*"Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of One who is the spirit of Love and Who is the ever faithful friend and refuge of all that are sore beset, and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, oh Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory now and ever. Amen."*

After a pause the stranger said: "Ye have prayed it; if ye still desire it, speak! The messenger of the Most High waits."

And Mark Twain added these words: "*It was believed afterward that the man was a lunatic because there was no sense in what he said.*"

Mark told a friend that he had read the War Prayer to his daughter Jean and she told him he must not publish it, for it would be regarded as "sacrilege." Pressed to publish it anyway, he replied slowly: "No. I have told the whole truth in that and only dead men can tell the truth in this world. It can be published after I am dead."



Mark Twain was a great man; he will live in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" as long as men live who once were boys; he will live in other works so long as men love high adventure and high spirits. He will live in "A Connecticut Yankee" as long as men live who hate injustice and fight for liberty. He will live in "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" as long as men live who ruthlessly question their own souls and their own honesty.

But in these terrible days, when the world does honor to his memory to the awful obligato of war drums and preparations for those things that he hated with all his soul it is well for those who likewise fight for justice and liberty to remember the man who in his own heart was a revolutionist—even though his closest associates prevailed upon him not to permit the world to know his innermost thoughts.

Upon one occasion it was proposed that he run for President. The idea tickled him enormously and he speculated upon the fate of a nation headed by a "humorist, peace patriot and Socialist."

And as inherent rebels against those things that soil the civilization of the Twentieth Century, whose birth he welcomed with such savage irony, Socialists, too, may add their voices to the world-wide chorus of reverence for the noble soul who came into the world just a century ago.

## JACK LONDON

THE youth of America had two literary idols in the brave Roosevelt days of the first decade of this century, Rudyard Kipling and Jack London. And of the two, Jack had a direct personal appeal that those who were not youths in those days can never appreciate. Jack was a real MAN, a man with muscles like steel and a stomach that could digest scrap iron, a man who lived more stories than he had time in his brief forty years of life to begin to set down.

What Rudyard Kipling had done for India Jack did for Alaska and the Klondike. When Jack began writing his amazing novels and short stories of the frozen North, the Klondike was the golden land of romance; its very name was glamorous. And as the stories poured forth from his wonderfully fertile mind, making real not only the Klondike but also the turbulent Pacific, and the Road with its hobo jungles, millions of men felt uneasy stirrings within them; Jack London had lived and written their dream life, their escape from the realities of humdrum existence.

And so it was with bosoms almost literally bursting with pride that we young Socialists of that day laid claim to Jack London as one of our very own. There have been few thrills to compare with that moment in January, 1906, when Jack London, newly elected President of the newly organized Intercollegiate Socialist Society (now the L.I.D.), young, strong, handsome, almost unbelievably popular, stepped upon the platform of the old Grand Central Palace, before a vast audience of college men and women, and spoke:

"The other day I received a letter from a man in Arizona. It began, 'Dear Comrade,' and it was signed, 'Yours for the Revolution.' I answered him, and I began my letter, 'Dear Comrade,' and signed it, 'Yours for the Revolution.' There are over 400,000 men in this country who begin their letters, 'Dear Comrade'." . . . and so began that memorable address. And when he held out his hands and said, "Here are our hands; they are strong hands," it was almost too much to bear. And he ended, "The Revolution is on its way. Stop us who can!" The whole great address is to be found in his "Revolution and Other Essays."

Two years before that Jack had run for Mayor of Oakland, Cal., and his race had attracted nationwide attention. There have been few celebrities who brought so much favorable publicity to the causes of Socialism.

For Jack was the sort of virile figure whose every move was good copy. His whole life was a romance and an adventure. Born on Jan. 12, 1876, in San Francisco, the son of a frontiersman, hunter and trapper, he was forced to earn a living at the age of ten peddling newspapers on the streets of



Oakland. At fifteen he was an oyster pirate on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco Bay. At seventeen he was a deep-sea sailor on a sealer. At eighteen he was a hobo. At nineteen he was in the Klondike, failing to find much gold, but finding that which was to net him more than many bags of the finest metal—material for the stories that brought him much fame and much more money than he ever dreamed of. At twenty-six he was author of a best-selling novel of the North—"The Daughter of the Snows"—and after that he entered high school, and then he did a year in the University of Californit. His first book, "Son of the Wolf," appeared in 1900.

But Jack has written his own life in his books. The greatest of all architects, Sir Christopher Wren, had carved on the facade of St. Paul's Cathedral, "If you would see my monument, look about you." And Jack London might have written, "If you would learn about me, read my books." His boyhood is written in "Tales of the Fish Patrol"; his seafaring life in "The Sea Wolf"; his hoboing in "The Road"; his Klondike experiences in "The Call of the Wild" and countless other stories and many novels. And then came his adventuring in London ("People of the Abyss"), war corresponding in Korea and Manchuria, ranching in California ("Valley of the Moon"), and voyaging in Hawaii, the South Sea Islands and Australia ("The Terrible Solomons" and many other stories and several books), and finally his cruise with Charmian London on the Snark ("Cruise of the Snark").

But, after all, Jack's principal adventures were struggles with his own soul, and he tells the story of his victory and defeat in his greatest novel, possibly one of the greatest of all American novels, "Martin Eden."

It would take far more space than is available for these sketches even to give an outline of Jack London's literary career. He was a brilliant writer, vivid, colorful and glamorous. He gave us a vista of many new worlds—the soft, perfumed, palm-waving coral isles of the South Sea, the tossing waves of the Pacific, the depths of the degradation of London's slums, the awful iron cold of the North. He wrote the first—and to this day the most important—American book on hoboing. He was a great interpreter of the American scene.

But Jack was also a Socialist. How did it come about? That, too, is written in his books. He had returned from his seven months' voyage in the 90-ton sealer you read about in "The Sea Wolf," and had set out gaily in "Kelley's Army," the western division of Coxey's Army, with the rank of Lieutenant, although he was but 18. It was a joyous adventure, until he crossed the Mississippi, and went it alone. He had sung the song of individualism with all his heart. He was young and healthy and he lusted for life. "Wherefore, I called the game as I saw it played, or thought I saw it played, a very proper game for MEN. . . . To adventure like a man and fight like a man, and do a man's work (even for boy's pay)—these were things that reached right in and gripped hold of me."

As for the unfortunates—well, it was just too bad about them, but Jack didn't worry about them. "Without having read Carlyle or Kipling I formulated a gospel of work which put theirs into the shade." Then he came East, and saw The Pit. And found himself slipping into it. "I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the 'submerged

tenth,' and I was startled." He tells of his adventures as a tramp with other tramps in the part of the country in which "I battered the drag and slammed back gates with them, or shivered with them in box cars and city parks, listening to their stories. . . . And while I listened my brain began to work."

Then he swore he would climb out of The Pit if it killed him. But he was arrested as a vagrant, "nabbed by a fee-hunting constable, sentenced out of hand to thirty days' imprisonment for having no fixed abode and no visible means of support, carted down country to Buffalo, registered at the Erie County penitentiary, had my head clipped and my budding mustache shaved, was dressed in convict stripes"—and for thirty days treated like a desperate criminal—all for adventuring.

"Concerning further details deponent sayeth not, though he may hint that some of his plethoric national patriotism leaked out of the bottom of his soul somewhere—at least, since that experience he finds that he cares more for men and women and little children than the imaginary boundary lines."

By this time, Jack had come to the conclusion that he was Something. He was a Socialist—but he did not know it. "I had been reborn, but not renamed and I was running around to find out what manner of thing I was. I ran back to California and opened the books. I do not remember which ones I opened first. It is an unimportant detail, anyway. I was already It, whatever It was, and by the books I discovered that It was a Socialist."

That was all—except that there followed over twenty years of matchless services to Socialism. Jack never soft-pedaled his ideals—rather, he flaunted them. Read "Revolution"; read "The War of the Classes." And best of all, read the "Iron Heel" if you want a warning against a brutal-benevolent Capitalism of a form that we now know as Fascism—something utterly undreamed of in Jack's lifetime, but today a Goering-Hitler nightmare.

The end was sad. Jack became too popular. His stories commanded huge prices from Hearst. He bought a great ranch at Glen Ellen, Cal. He loved that ranch, and he admitted that he sold his soul for it, turning out unutterable tripe to get money to enlarge the ranch, build more buildings, buy more acres and more animals. He was burning himself out. He drank too much. He became morbid. And on Nov. 22, 1916, he died; and there are some people who believe it was suicide.



## EDWARD BELLAMY

ONCE a book was written that profoundly affected American thinking, that created a sensation utterly unlike that awakened by a merely sensational novel, that created a movement and that has an enormous influence even today, 46 years after it appeared.

The movement was called "Nationalism," the book was "Looking Backward," and the motto of the movement was, "Spread the Book!"

Today there is renewed interest in "Looking Backward," and its talented author, Edward Bellamy, for today it is realized that whatever progress has been made to mitigate the evils of capitalism has been along the lines of Socialism; and "Looking Backward," appearing as it did in 1887, was the first important Socialist work that is wholly and completely American.

The present generation of Socialists should know something about Bellamy, because in a very real sense he and his work helped create the American Socialist movement; for "Nationalism" was an indigenous American Socialism absolutely native.

Edward Bellamy was born in Chicopee Falls, Mass., in 1850, the son of a Baptist minister and the scion of a long line of New England clergymen. He was intended for the law, and he was sent to Union College in Schenectady; but he was interested only in writing, and he did not take his degree. A year in Germany, a trip to Hawaii via Panama (this was forty years before the Canal), and a return across the American continent, gave him a rich background; and he was ready for work.

His main work was on the Springfield Union, but he also wrote light magazine stories and popular novels, some of them rather successful. He had a strong mystical strain, and no less a critic than William Dean Howells wrote, "The mantle of Hawthorne has fallen upon Mr. Bellamy."

There followed a quiet, studious and rather fruitful literary life, moderate success and considerable recognition in his time. He was retiring, hated the spotlight, and did not care for acclaim. And he was slightly dazed at the enthusiasm evoked by the appearance of "Looking Backward."

"Looking Backward" is one of three or four of the greatest Utopian novels of Socialism, a fanciful picture of a future Socialist society. It is the story of a Bostonian who went to sleep in 1887 and awoke in the year 2000, to find himself in the Cooperative Commonwealth. He is the guest of a Dr. Leete, in whose company he learns to adjust himself to the world about him, and in conversations with whom he (and the reader) learns how and why the Big Change came about.

The book is intensely interesting, it is simplicity itself, and by its very

simplicity it wins readers to a feeling of the utter absurdity of present-day society and the sanity of collectivism. Curiously enough in the book—written in 1887—there is a description of a device that brings music into the home simply by the turning of a knob!

The book caught the attention of the nation. It sold half a million copies at once and was translated into all languages. Bellamy was invited to lecture everywhere; he was asked to write articles and feature stories, but he was too shy to permit himself to be publicized.

He did, however, aid in the establishment of Nationalist clubs, and in the founding of *The New Nation*, a weekly. And he likewise felt that "Looking Backward" was not enough. He had laid out the general outlines of the Socialist state, but the success of his book was so great he felt he had to be more explicit. Hence, years of intense study of economics, and then his final book, "Equality." The book is outwardly in the form of "Looking Backward," conversations between Julian West and Dr. Leete, but it is soberer, it is virtually a closely reasoned treatise on economics. But one of its chapters is the famous "Parable of the Water Tank"—which, by the way, everybody ought to read today.

The work on "Equality" had undermined his health, he was attacked by tuberculosis, and so he went to Denver in 1897; on the way West he was greeted with the warmest affection by men and women who considered him a prophet of a new social order—as he was. In April, he went home to die, and on May 22, 1898, he passed away; a quiet, peaceful and useful life had ended.

Meanwhile things were stirring in the world, and more and more people read "Looking Backward" and "Equality." Bellamy clubs are being founded everywhere. Dead these 35 years, Bellamy is more alive today than the author of day before yesterday's best seller.

In the last days of the recent presidential campaign Socialist headquarters received a letter from Mrs. Emma G. Bellamy, widow of the author, with a contribution of the campaign fund and a letter saying, "Thank God, the world, as Mr. Bellamy predicted it, is well on the way. I have faith that my six grandchildren will live in a different order of society than that in which they now exist. After 'Looking Backward' first appeared, Mr. Bellamy was regarded as a visionary and his schemes impracticable. If the people who said these things could only realize how terribly in earnest he was and how sure he felt that his so-called dreams would come true, 'The Cause,' as he always referred to it would have been advanced much sooner."



## WILLIAM MORRIS

IN the British Socialism of today—the greatest and most powerful Socialist movement in the world—there are three elements, three streams, each associated with the life and work of a great man. Henry M. Hyndman brought scientific Marxism to Great Britain; Keir Hardie brought the labor movement into politics and Socialist politics to the labor movement; but it was William Morris who gave British Socialism its soul.

In the early pioneering days of missionary zeal, the days of J. Bruce Glasier and of other great propagandists, the propaganda of Socialism was like a holy crusade. Socialist missionaries would strap a pack upon their backs and wander from village to village, there to preach Socialism; and it is their work that laid the foundation for the Socialism that permeates every corner of England. And the Socialism they taught was a Socialism the plain people of England could understand, the Socialism of William Morris.

"Wherefore I say unto you," wrote Morris, "that Socialism is fellowship and fellowship is life, and the lack of fellowship is death." One can catch a whiff of the flavor of old England, the England of John Ball, of Wat Tyler and of the Chartists in that propaganda. And though he is dead well-nigh forty years William Morris still lives in the countless Socialist clubs in city and town and village; the spirit of William Morris breathes when bearded men and toil-worn women sing his thundering "March of the Workers"—

*"'Tis the people marching on!"*

When Morris joined the Socialist movement he gave himself wholly to its work; no task was too small for him, nothing too humble for him to do. He personally assumed the deficit of Justice, Hyndman's Socialist weekly; he went to street corners and into the parks like the obscurest soap-boxer; he took bundles of Justice and peddled them on the streets. He took an active part in organization work. He lectured to audiences, large and small, wherever he could find them. He wrote splendid Socialist propaganda, one of his books, "Socialism; Its Growth and Outcome," written in collaboration with E. Belfort Bax, being a Socialist classic.

There is a picture in my mind of the great demonstration in Trafalgar Square February 8th, 1886. Many who were there have told me the story. I can see the picture in my mind's eye as though I had been there myself:

A Socialist column marched on the Square, where a meeting of Protectionists was being held. The police, fearing trouble if two meetings disputed the Square, sought to divert the marchers to Hyde Park. Upon which John Burns of Battersea seized the red flag and in a voice of thunder called upon the marchers to follow him; and in the front rank marched

Hyndman, H. H. Champion, Jack Williams and Morris. It was an unforgettable picture to those who were there; Morris clad in his inevitable soft blue shirt singing the Marseillaise, his noble head thrown back in defiance looking for all the world like one of the Viking rovers about whom he had written his most stirring verses. It was as if he were tingling with the joy of battle, more than half hoping that the conflict would come then and there. (And in the ranks there likewise marched a half-starved Scotsman of 19, a lad from Lossie-mouth named J. Ramsay MacDonald.)

This was the period of Morris' great Socialist poetry. "The Day Is Coming"; "All for the Cause"; "No Master"; "The March of the Workers"; "The Voice of Toil"—they stir the blood and cause the heart to beat faster.

In the early '90's there was a Socialist club on Berner Street, and Morris used to come there often. There was a child, son of Socialist parents, who recalls the jolly English countenance of Morris as he romped with the children, and led them singing his rousing "Down Among the Dead men":

*Come, Comrades, come your glasses clink,  
Up with your hands a health to drink.*

And ending:

*There's liquor left, now let's be kind,  
And drink to the rich a better mind.  
That when we knock upon the door  
They will be off and say no more.  
And he who will this health deny,  
Down among the dead men let—him—lie!*

It was rare good fun, and I still feel the lift and the jollity of it when I hear the song played (and sing it myself, to the dismay of hearers).

There was a great period of fraternity for a while; but in 1884 there came a break. Morris led Bax, Andreas Scheu and Eleanor Marx—daughter of the founder of our movement—and her husband, Dr. Edward Aveling, out of the party and organized a Socialist League. Maybe it was a personal quarrel between Morris and Hyndman; Hyndman was dictatorial and domineering and he quarreled with everybody, including Marx. Maybe it was a quarrel over methods. Hyndman says it was because of "the malignant lying of a despicable married woman, whom none of us knew well, on a purely domestic question." That's all past—it doesn't matter now, though passions boiled then.

For years there was bitterness, although from time to time there was a sort of united front on an issue like an unemployment demonstration. Morris founded and edited Commonweal, and his two Socialist romances appeared there, illustrated by the great Socialist artist, Walter Crane.

But the anarchists, eccentrics and plain grafters were making a good thing of Morris. They gained the upper hand in the League, they ousted Morris as editor of Commonweal (although allowing him to pay the bills), and they made it impossible for him to continue in the organization.

Seven years after the break Morris was supporting Hyndman's candi-



dacy for Parliament and publicly apologizing for the quarrel: "I have this to say; that he was quite right and I was quite wrong."

Morris organized the Hammersmith Socialist Club that met at his place at Kelmscott, where he did his notable printing. The membership card was designed by Walter Crane, and was a beautiful thing; old timers still cherish their cards as well for their sheer artistic beauty as for their association. There he lectured and there he sought to bring about Socialist unity, calling conferences of all Socialist bodies under his roof. Among those who were his guests and who signed his plea for unity was G. Bernard Shaw.

A word should be said for his two Socialist novels: "A Dream of John Ball" and "News from Nowhere." Of all the great utopian novels Morris' story of the man who waked up in the Cooperative Commonwealth is the best; it seems to me to have the dignity and beauty that Socialism means to me in a greater degree than "Looking Backward" or even William Dean Howells' "Traveler from Altruria." "A Dream of John Ball" is a story of the gallant days of the Wat Tyler rebellion of 1831. In both Morris writes in the English of which he was master, rich and flavorful and unbelievable beautiful.

His great labors told on him; his rugged constitution began to fail. On January 3rd, 1896, he made his last speech for the Social Democratic Federation; then he became ill and he took a long voyage to Norway. "This has been a jolly good world to me when all is said and done," he said. "I don't wish to leave it yet awhile."

But his life was over. He died October 3rd, 1896, just at the moment that Keir Hardie's propaganda was beginning to take root, and the missionaries began to carry the message to every part of the island.

"Millions," wrote Hyndman, "will think of Morris as the poet and artist vainly speaking at the street corner, selling literature down the Strand and lecturing and writing day after day and year after year for the sake of an ideal of which he could scarcely hope himself to see the realization."

*We who once were fools and dreamers  
Then shall be the brave and wise.*

Morris was prepared to give his life for his cause; indeed, he shortened his life by many years by his incessant activities. And there is a deep, grave note in "All for the cause" that indicates that Morris is speaking for and of himself:

*Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh  
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die!  
He that dies shall not die lonely; many a one hath gone before;  
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore.  
Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled.  
Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.*

ONE cannot but think of springtime and May Day when one thinks of William Morris. One cannot help think of greening trees, of soft velvet meadows, of gentle breezes, of human beings dancing in happy abandon about the Maypole, of men and women emancipated from ugliness.

For William Morris—poet, artist and Socialist—early in his great life declared war upon one thing and one alone, and he gave his life to that war; he hated ugliness with all his heart. And he waged that war in his art, his poetry and in his Socialism.

To William Morris the besetting crime of Capitalism was its ugliness and the Socialism that he dreamed of and to which he gave his whole soul was the reign of beauty. He admitted that he never could apply himself sufficiently to understand Marx. "I must confess that, whereas I thoroughly enjoyed the historical part of 'Capital' I suffered agonies of confusion of brain over reading the pure economics of that great work." But he did understand the ugliness of industrialism, and he revolted against it.

William Morris was one of the greatest men ever to serve the cause of Socialism. If he had never joined the movement he would be remembered for many notable and noble achievements. But when he joined the movement at the age of 49 he dropped everything to give himself completely to it, "For the good days bring the best."

William Morris was an incarnation of the beauty and dignity of old England; not the feudal England of brutal and savage oppression, but the England of legend and tradition, the England that came to its fullest flower in the works of Chaucer and of Shakespeare. Even as a young child living with his wealthy parents in Epping Wood, he had fashioned for himself a toy suit of tin armor, the better to capture the spirit of the brave days of chivalry. Before he acquired his social vision he had so completely immersed himself in mediaevalism that he was its very spirit incarnate. Its flavor never left him. His writings have that quaintness of phrase that came from another age.

William Morris was born March 24, 1834, in Werthamstow, Essex. A wonder-child, he read avidly at the age of 3; he played at being a knight of the age of chivalry before he was 6; he wrote verses before he was 10. At Oxford he associated himself with kindred spirits in the pre-Raphaelite movement that numbered geniuses like Burne-Jones, and the various Rossettis among them.

He wrote poetry and he painted, and a dignified career seemed to stretch before him. In "The Earthly Paradise" he referred to himself as "An idle singer of an empty day." But he was far from idle, although his main interests were literary and esthetic. He was a gifted architect, and as a painter he was genuinely talented. He was steeped in the old Icelandic sagas and he had a collection of original Icelandic manuscripts of enormous value. His long poems were translations and his own versions of the Sagas and of the *Nibelungenlied*, translations of the Homeric epics and of Vergil. It was all good, lusty English verse and ranks high as poetry.

But early in his career Morris quit the empty idling he decried, and did something that astonished and shocked his contemporaries; he entered trade! Determined to end the ugliness of the modern home he established a firm that specialized in the manufacture of wall paper and furniture. The results of his work are manifest to this day. He devised the Morris chair; he was the pioneer of heavy furniture, straight lines and comfortable seats, solid work and fine craftsmanship. He was father of the Arts and



Crafts movement, and he started the revolt against ugly wall paper. Beauty and dignity in homes was something unknown to the world until he, out of his love for beauty, created it. Tens of millions of people today have attractive homes because William Morris so willed it.

Morris was also one of the greatest authorities in the world on ancient manuscripts. The librarians of the great libraries at the British Museum and the two universities unhesitatingly took his word in classifying illuminated parchments. Later he went in for artistic printing; indeed, he was the world pioneer in that form of modern art, and his Kelmscott Press was a shrine of flowers of good printing. A Kelmscott Chaucer today is one of the most coveted items sought by collectors of rare and beautiful books.

He also went in for dyeing and weaving beautiful fabrics; hand-wrought metals, and beautifully tooled leathers.

All in all, William Morris was quite a man, his was a noble career to bring beauty and dignity to the English people, and the whole world enjoys its results to this day.

And Morris turned his back upon that whole career when he threw himself into the Socialist movement. His conversion was real and his devotion was genuine. His was not mere party membership while continuing his other work; when he became a Socialist everything else was set to one side, and from that time his pen was dedicated to one cause.

## BERNARD SHAW

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is 75 years old today, and it is significant of the man that he should be spending his birthday chasing around Soviet Russia, trying to find out what it's all about.

If there is one thing about Bernard Shaw that characterizes him above all other men it is his eternal energy, his mental alertness, his curiosity, his eagerness to find out everything.

Shaw is classified as a leading British playwright; he denies the British appellation, insisting that he is Irish; and it is possible that histories of literature will pay less attention to the plays he has written than to the prefaces in which he explained what he meant by them.

Shaw is a man of infinite wit, a humorist who ranks with Mark Twain, Swift and Cervantes; but like Cervantes, Swift and Mark Twain his wit is merely a cloak to cover his deep earnestness.

It is not true that he is a clown like Pagliacco, laughing to hide a breaking heart. It is true that he is a man of profound seriousness who insists that he wants to be known, if at all, for whatever message he has for the world, not for the laughter he brings it.

Once he said that he would gladly ride through London seated backwards on the back of an ass, clothed in motley and bells and beating a drum, if by so doing he could center favorable attention upon the things he is interested in. And it is the opinion of his most thoughtful critics that his laughter, his jocularly and his wit are merely the clown's motley to attract attention to his reflections on social and economic problems.

A man who constantly talks about himself, he is almost bashfully modest in reality. His self-praise is merely a pose, a "line" to put people into an amused and friendly state of mind toward him.

At a banquet many years ago William Dean Howells said that there has been progress in three hundred years. "Shaw," he said, "writes plays twice as good as those of Shakespeare and I write sonnets twice as long," there-upon reading a poem of twenty-eight lines, in sonnet form. Shaw was hugely tickled, but that, too, was merely part of the "line." He was several times offered a peerage by his close friend Premier MacDonald, his old-time Socialist comrade, but seeing no party advantage in such a step, he declined. He constantly talks about himself, but he is inherently self-effacing. And this is just another of the Shavian paradoxes.

A man's seventy-fifth birthday is no time to review his life and career; such a review should be reserved for the to-be-hoped very remote occasion of his death. Now in the full bloom of his physical and mental health, with his fame undimmed and with a whole world hanging on everything he



does and says, this is no time to summarize his career and seek an evaluation of his life.

Shaw, now considered one of the greatest English dramatists of all times, began his career as a music critic and novelist, hoping to earn enough money at his trade to support himself while devoting himself strictly to Socialism. Nearly fifty years ago, together with Thomas Davidson, Sidney Webb, Sydney Olivier and others he organized the Fabian Society for the purpose of promoting the ideas of Socialism.

While a starving journalist he met with and argued with Webb and Beatrice Potter—whom Webb married—and Pease and Podmore and others over how best to promote the cause to which they had dedicated themselves. With them was a young Scotch lad with deep eyes and burning earnestness who was glad to carry on with them; and by one of the curious twists of history that lad is now Prime Minister and all the Fabians are either members of the British government or high in the councils of the party that controls that government.

How remote all that seems today! Shaw dashing into print at the slightest provocation to confound those with whom he disagreed; MacDonald marching at the head of demonstrations of the unemployed; Webb and his wife poring over documents in the great libraries, writing books that today are the basis of the policy of the Empire.

Shaw was also a soap-boxer, and almost any night three bearded men, each distinguished in his own way, might be seen marching arm-in-arm to the East End or to Hyde Park where the soap-box was erected. Hyndman, greatest of journalists, and economists; William Morris, poet, artist, scholar; and Bernard Shaw, youngest of the three, most cocksure and most promising.

It was in this middle period, when he was in his lusty forties, that Shaw came to be known as an authority upon Ibsen, Wagner and Nietzsche, his books on those men being as thoughtful as his political and economic writings.

As the years passed, Shaw turned to the writing of plays, to which at first no one paid much attention. It was H. Granville Barker who produced them at out-of-the-way places in "art" (which meant non-profit making) theatres, and who called attention to the fact that here was a great dramatist.

At first Shaw was content to write plays dealing with human emotions, laying bare the human soul. "Man and Superman," "The Philanderer," "You Never Can Tell," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Major Barbara," and greatest and noblest of all, "Candida," dealt with the problems of human beings. They were written and first produced between thirty and thirty-five years ago, but they can be read today, and when they are produced today they are not "dated." They are as timeless as Shakespeare or Ibsen. Greatest of all, in our opinion, is "Candida," the story of a tender, sensitive soul bruised and crushed by the world, a story of what might have happened to Shelley had he met a sweet and understanding woman early in his life.

Later Shaw undertook to study and settle and solve all problems, social as well as historical. Strange as it may seem, the magnitude of the task he assumed resulted in plays as worthy as his earlier ones. "Arms and the

Man" laughs at Balkan diplomacy, military romanticism, glory, and war—you probably know it as "The Chocolate Soldier." "Caesar and Cleopatra," "The Man of Destiny," "St. Joan," "The Devil's Disciple," are some of his historical plays. He examined the whole question of human life in "Back to Methusaleh."

But those enterprises did not prevent his activity in public life, his authorship of long and serious works on economics, his enjoyment of every moment he is permitted to live.

Long life to Bernard Shaw; health and happiness and mental vigor to one of the greatest of souls.



## WILL THE STAGE DIE?

THE summer is over as far as the theatre is concerned, and the new theatrical season is being launched this week. With high hopes for the future those who care about such things are watching with the deepest interest to see whether or not there is any future for the speaking stage.

Four or five years ago there was a general feeling that the American stage had reached a new high peak of greatness. Within the past year or so there has been a general feeling that the stage is slipping, and the more pessimistic have felt that, as a popular form of art, it is doomed to early extinction.

Those who have the interests of the stage at heart sincerely hope that the season opening this week will give ample proof that the stage is rooted deeply in the hearts of the people. Pessimists are afraid that the season will prove that it is not.

The stage, of course, will not completely disappear, but those who fear for the worst are afraid that it will dwindle in popular appeal until it takes its place beside the opera as a hot-house plant, maintained only at a deficit and attended by many people for reasons not at all connected with its literary and emotional appeal.

We, however, are emphatically of a contrary opinion. We believe with all the emphasis at our command that the stage has a function to fulfill; that it has an appeal to masses of people, and that masses of people will continue to attend the theatre and maintain it as one of the vital forces in life. We also believe that the stage is in process of modification in every way, and that it must recognize forces of modification in order to maintain its health.

The stage is suffering today from two causes: the industrial depression, which will pass, and the talking pictures, which will remain.

The movies raised up a generation of actors and actresses who were good to look at and who did whatever they were told to by the man behind the megaphone. Movies with actors of that type could not compete with the stage in appeal to the traditional audience of the theatre. The talkies require players who can talk and sing, and as soon as they became practicable the stage was promptly depopulated as actors dashed to the studios where they were able to earn salaries unheard of in the whole history of the stage, and under conditions that seemed paradisaical after years of tramping on the road.

People who had no interest in the pretty-pretty girls and boys of the non-speaking screen are deeply interested in the genuinely good actors and actresses whose voices they can hear from the screen.

A vitally important fact, of course, is the universality of the screen and its consequent effect upon the literature written for it. Whether wisely or not, whether for better or for worse, it is a fact that stories and plays presented on the screen have been stepped down to a rather low level.

And that is a point at which lovers of the stage as such can take heart, for in our opinion it is at that point that the stage completely justifies itself for survival.

The stage should not try to compete with the night clubs, the movies, the talkies, the schools and universities, the museums or any other form of entertainment or instruction. There have been times when the line between the stage and other forms has been rather shadowy, but with the development of the talking film each form of art must find its own field.

There are definite financial facts that must be considered—the fact that one picture may appeal to tens of millions of people in a single week, while a play that appeals to 10,000 people in a week is doing well, and the receipts follow accordingly. But it is the province of those who have the various forms of art in charge to worry about the finances; the general public has nothing to do but to support what it cares for.

The movies, and then the talkies, settled for good and all the fact that rules mean nothing. Shakespeare found a stage hobbled by rules and arbitrary “unities,” and his greatness lies partly in the fact that he ignored them in writing his plays. But he observed other rules that were carried down for nearly three centuries until almost the other day.

There was a time when a play had to have five acts (later modified to four), when there was a definite pattern leading up to a climax and then leading down again; when if the play was a tragedy the hero had to die, while if it were a comedy or plain drama the hero had to triumph and to discomfit his foes. The play had to conform to a definite pattern regardless of interest, regardless of probability, regardless of what might be called the poetry of the play. Hamlet had to slay his uncle and die, or else “Hamlet” was not a “tragedy of blood,” the pattern that Shakespeare was following. (But it happens that “Hamlet” is great in spite of the quite ridiculous scene in which the killings take place.)

The movies emancipated the dramatist from the tyranny of rules requiring unities of time, place and action. And that emancipation gave the writers for the spoken stage a hint that the greatest of the modern dramatists quickly took—that form does not matter, rules do not matter—that nothing matters except putting over the story, the picture, the mood, the characterization, the message, or whatever it is the dramatist has in mind. Shaw's lengthy “Back to Methuselah,” O'Neill's employment of mannikins in “The Hairy Ape,” his long one-act “The Emperor Jones” and his nine acts and curious “asides” in “Strange Interlude” illustrates what we mean.

The screen can tell one kind of a story, unhampered by many old rules, but hobbled by others. For one thing a screen play cannot run much over an hour and a half. For another, the universality of its audience requires that moral, religious, racial, national and cultural ideals and prejudices should not be offended.

The spoken drama is hampered by the physical limitations of the stage



itself, but it can do what it pleases with time and prejudices, and whereas a screen play fears to offend religious susceptibilities of huge masses, a spoken play, destined only for those who care to see it, can say what its author pleases, and those who do not like it can stay away.

There are difficulties and obstacles, but there is also a definite place for the stage. When the men who have the stage in charge begin to lose their panic hysteria over the screen and cease trying to compete with it they will be ready to go to work.

The stage cannot die. It may change its form—as plays are able to win greater freedom, as mechanical inventions give them broader possibilities than in the days of gaslight. It may discard dearly held rules. It may lose a section of its following, as those people who want merely a way of pleasantly killing a few hours flock to the movies. But it contains something that no other form of art can give and it will live and thrive.

## OLD SPANISH CUSTOMS

A CORRESPONDENT writes in mild and friendly criticism, asking why so many of these pastoral letters have dealt with countries other than America, "Your own government," he remonstrates, "needs your brain work, not foreign countries. Talk on our government for the betterment of humanity," he concludes.

With due appreciation of our friend's confidence that our brain work can be of some benefit to any country at all, we beg to insist that we have no apologies for writing so much about other countries. We feel that it does Americans great good to read and think about the people of other countries and what they do, just as information about America is necessary to people of other countries.

Of course, it is true, what with widespread popularity of American movies, American habits and customs are becoming nearly universal. For example, the American ideal of young womanhood, the slim, energetic young thing with bobbed hair, with freedom of thought and action undreamed of in other years, with gorgeous clothes that reveal every line of the wearer is rapidly becoming the standard for all countries.

## MORALS AND MOVIES

Maybe it's good, possibly it is not so desirable a thing that the women of all the world are tending to conform to a standard fixed by the climate and the freedom of Southern California. But it is a fact worth noting, nevertheless.

With our screen beauties popular in every continent, Chinese maidens of Shanghai bob their hair, daughters of cloistered women of Seville walk boldly on the streets and face the world, German *fräuleins* smoke cigarettes and French damsels cross their knees, showing whatever there is to be shown. Even the Turkish women discard their veils and look their men in the face.

And yet each country maintains its own customs, despite the universal appeal of Hollywood movies and the universal spread of knowledge of what may or may not be authentic American customs, modes of life and habits.

For example, it is asserted by those who say they know what they are talking about that Spanish people still hold to their ancient custom of giving a stranger anything the stranger admires. We have seen it many a time—on the stage. An American meets a Spaniard or Mexican and admires his scarf. It is forthwith given him. Then he admires his ring, his watch, a picture on the wall. They are given him. Then the American admires either the man's wife or his embroidered pants—depending upon the type of theatre we happen to be in at the moment—and the curtain falls or the lights go out in a "blackout," amidst much merriment.

We know that is true, we repeat, because we have often seen it on the stage. But we have never seen it among any of the Latin peoples we happen to have met, but that may be because we do not properly impress those we



meet. We are still hoping to meet a Spaniard with a glistening Hispano-Suiza.

Then there are the French. For example, the other evening we attended an affair at which there were many of that nationality. There was a lovely, white-haired lady in the next seat, and during the intermission a Frenchman came and chatted in French, the gist of the conversation being a discussion whether a concert the following day was to be at three or three-fifteen, and whether it was to be at Carnegie Hall or somewhere else. What impressed us, however, was the fact that the Frenchman wore a monocle screwed into his right eye, and when he left he lifted the lady's hand and touched it with his lips. It was not a tender gesture, such as is described in that classic song, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame." It was as perfunctory as a handshake between two men, but there it was.

"YOU ROTTER!"

And so we come to the English. Our cousins over the water and in the colonies are cold and frigid. But they have some surprising adventures of the heart for all their frigidity. Every coldblooded Britisher appears to be doing rotten things and calling himself a rotter in the most correct manner. Otherwise, he would be told, "it isn't done."

Americans should make an annual pilgrimage to Quebec, for example, to see the English in their own environment. In one hotel not far from that city one can always find a lobby-full of apple-cheeked Colonels and their ladies and young subalterns, and one can guess what is going on behind those placid exteriors.

For example, an elderly colonel who marched with Roberts in Afghanistan or fought with Kitchener in the Soudan, finds himself in Murray Bay with a beautiful young wife who tries to Play the Game, but who finds it hard, what with her husband's duties and tours of inspection and his gout, and the lonely leftenants cluttering up the scene.

On a moonlit summer night the young wife finds herself on a grassy sward overlooking the lordly St. Lawrence, with the glittering young subaltern at her side. The husband is snoring in a chair nearby. The leftenant talks of the hills of Surrey and the moors of Scotland. The wife sighs, and the young man takes her hand and presses it to his heart.

After a moment the wife withdraws it slowly, looks into his eyes and says softly, "But, Derek, is it" (a long and meaningful pause) "Cricket?"

And right there is where she scores. Can you imagine an American girl saying, "But Hank, is it—baseball?" Or a Spanish senora saying "But, Hernando, is it—jai-alai?" That seems a bit silly. But when the English girl says it just that way, the man mumbles something, stands up, bows and begs her pardon for being a swine, and goes back to his room. Then there is a revolver shot, and W. Somerset Maugham has a plot for another story, which he locates in Singapore or Pango-Pango, and it is later made into a play for Katherine Cornell.

Oh, yes, indeed, one should know all about other people. It gives us something to laugh about, and goodness knows, after the American movies they have seen its only turn about for us to laugh at something in other nations.

## THE SOCIALIST PROGRAM

By WILLIAM MORRIS

**E**LIMINATE economic insecurity, Socialists say, and most of the ills that bedevil millions of people will fall away. Life depends upon economic security, as does liberty. And one cannot pursue the phantom of happiness if one is constantly worried about making ends meet.

Another salient point in the Socialist credo is the claim that whoever controls the economic life of a community controls that community. A vested interest tends to become a political interest. Capital that tends to become monopolistic or a man controlling the main industry of a community tends in time to control the lives of human beings living under its influence. Unrestricted control of vast sums of money gives its possessor more than the benefits he can buy with it; it gives him an influence over government, art, education, literature, and the way of life of millions.

When industry is run for the profit of the men who control it the main objective is to make profits, and human welfare must depend either upon the heartbreaking struggle of employees against their employers, upon legislation compelling employers to consider human welfare, or upon the wholly accidental benevolence of employers.

The Socialists, then, offer as their alternative to the present system, described by President Hoover as rugged American individualism, a system in which there will be the greatest measure of social responsibility, and in which industry will be carried on for use rather than for profit.

### PROPOSED STEPS

The final Socialist aim, then, is the conversion of the system they call capitalism into Socialism by converting the socially necessary means of production, distribution and exchange from private ownership to collective ownership. Under Socialism, the Socialists say, industries of a national scale will be run by the nation through its representatives, while local industries will be run by local communities. Details of the acquisition of the industries, whether by purchase, condemnation or by the establishment of rival industries; details of management and control, Socialists say, will be met as occasion arises.

With industries in the hands of the community, it is claimed, the way will be open for production for use rather than for profit, and all human energies will be released for the benefit of humankind. Under such a system, Socialists say, labor-saving devices will so multiply the product that the world can be clothed, housed and fed, and educate, amuse and inspire its



members with far less effort than the majority of workers are required to expend today.

That is the ideal and Socialists will explain to their own satisfaction how such a system will liberate the soul of man, how it will enable man to conquer poverty, disease, superstition and ignorance, how it will lead to the end of war, how it will not level down but level up.

As a means of actual administration, no formula has surpassed one proposed by Bernard Shaw. He suggests in one of his books that every child upon birth be guaranteed an income for life on which he or she can live properly and comfortably in accord with the world's wealth. Then, said Shaw, it will be the business of society to collect from each one services in return for that living. All other details are minor administrative points for the future.

#### BUT HOW ABOUT NOW?

Socialists, however, do not enter elections with the substitution of capitalism by Socialism as their sole platform plank.

Society, they maintain, is divided generally into two classes, those who own and those who work. Often the owners work, and the workers own, but in general the one class lives by owning, while the other and far more numerous class lives by working on jobs for which they are dependent upon the owners.

Those who must depend upon others for an opportunity to work are likewise at the mercy of their employers for living and working conditions, wages, hours, etc. The owners, by the power of their ownership, dictate conditions of life and public policies.

The workers, then, must be organized in unions and in a political party to force upon society the ideal of social responsibility. Progress must be away from unrestricted laissez faire.

First, conditions of labor must be constantly improved by action of labor unions and by legislation. Second, there must be greater and greater social responsibility, along such lines as public education, employers' liability, municipal ownership, public development of water power, etc. Finally, the workers must gain greater and greater political power so that as time goes on society will tend to benefit the workers rather than those who merely own. The ultimate ideal is a classless world all of whose citizens do useful work, the benefits of the labor of all accruing to all, liberating every individual for a full and free life.

In immediate politics, Socialists advocate greater extension of public works, protection of workers in industry, the limitation of the use of injunctions and other political, social and industrial steps along the lines of their general philosophy, as issues arise from time to time.

In politics, Socialists generally act independently of other parties on the ground they consider it of more importance to build up a body of voters with the general objective of their program than to unite with others who may not believe in that objective at all. They maintain that with a large and growing vote they can indirectly influence legislation in their general direction; otherwise their votes are absorbed in the votes cast for other

parties. How, they say, can anyone tell the strength they muster if they do not muster it?

Socialists maintain that honesty and decency in politics and absolute democracy are necessary, both as worth-while ideals on their own account and because it is necessary to demonstrate that the masses can actually achieve something by going into politics on a program of thoroughgoing reform.

Finally, many people who are not necessarily interested in the thoroughgoing program of Socialism support the Socialists politically because they believe in the principle of social responsibility, because they approve of many of the reforms the Socialists advocate, and because they say it is not necessary to go the whole way even if they embark to go part of the way.



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